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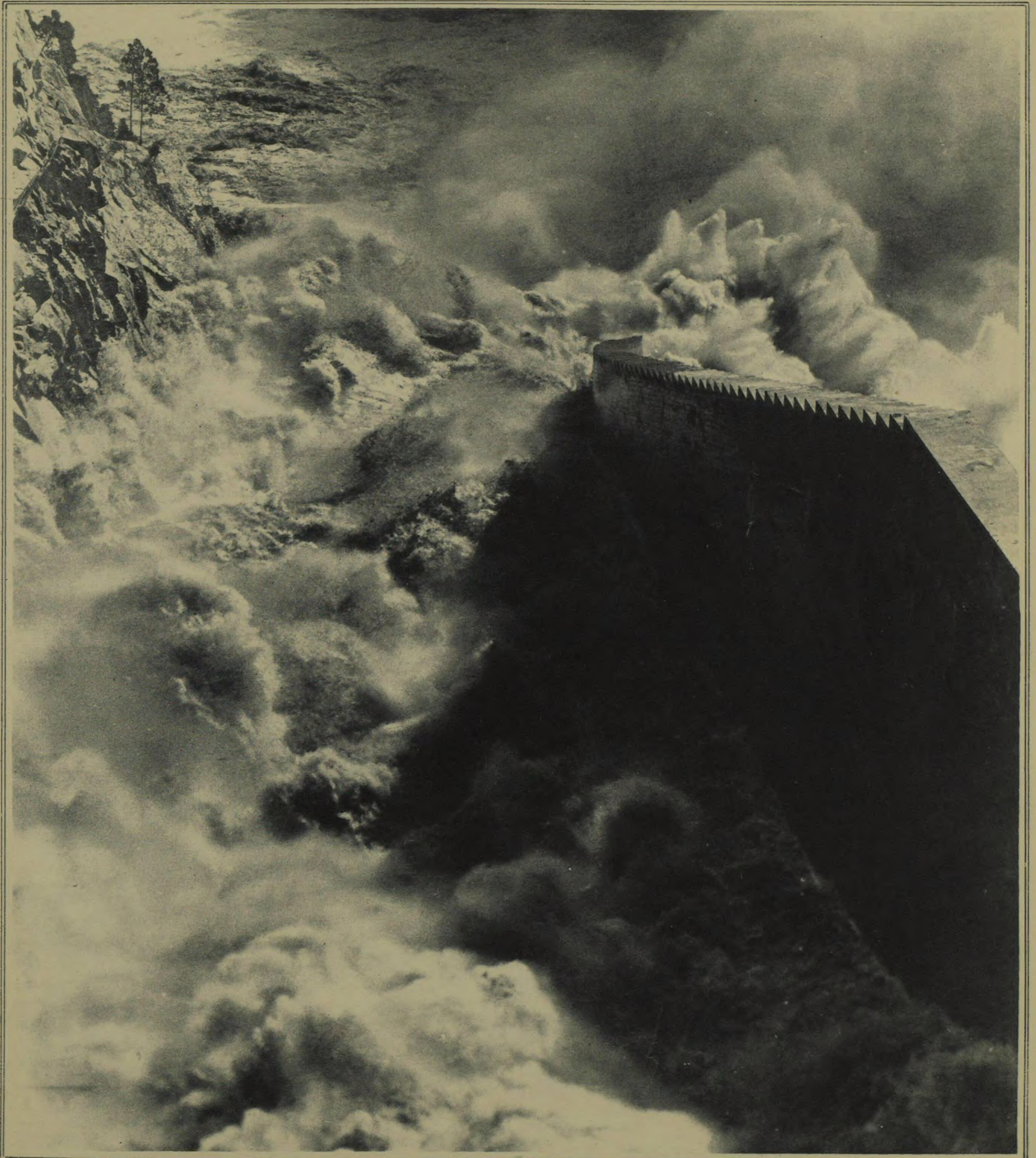


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1925.

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THE FURY OF THE FLOOD: AT BURRIN JUCK DAM WHEN THE MURRUMBIDGEE ROSE.

As we note under other remarkable photographs in this issue, the waters of the Murrumbidgee River poured over the main wall of the Burrin Juck Dam during

the recent floods. At the time of the 1922 floods, the water did not rise above a mark eleven inches below the top of the wall.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY S. AND G.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I WONDER why Mr. E. F. Benson is in such a rage with Robert Louis Stevenson. It is the weakness of Mr. Benson's elaborate and ingenious article in the *Mercury* on the subject that it leaves us asking this question, and not any other question. We do not feel impelled to say, as we should after reading such an article, "I wonder whether he is right about Stevenson," or even "I doubt if he is fair to Stevenson." We are instantly and unconsciously impelled to say, to use the coarse expression: "What's biting you?" We feel more like David Balfour saying in mere wonder, "What ails ye at the Campbells, man?" He cannot hide his hostility; and, of course, there is no reason why he should not show it. I should always sympathise with a man showing the sort of hostility that Alan Breck had for the Campbells—a hostility really founded on historical ideals and religious traditions. I have myself been blamed for such hostility to the pessimism of Mr. Thomas Hardy, though I should never dream of writing a long article about the personality of Mr. Hardy like this one about the personality of Stevenson. But Mr. Hardy has been not only a pessimist, but a propagandist. It never would have occurred to me that anybody could consider him a non-combatant. We have as much right to attack the pessimism of Mr. Thomas Hardy as the Socialism of Mr. Bernard Shaw or the Pacifism of Mr. Bertrand Russell. But I do not gather that there is any such issue of principle between Mr. E. F. Benson and "R. L. S."; nor do I know of any there is especially likely to be. And in the world of art for art's sake there is really even less to quarrel about. Mr. Benson is far too fine an artist himself not to know that Stevenson was a very fine artist; and that the thing to do with fine artists is to thank them heartily for their art, and retain our own intellectual independence about other things. Hence I cannot make out the exact meaning of Mr. Benson's tone in the matter, and why he is so anxious to put all the familiar facts about Stevenson in the most unfavourable light.

For that is all he does; we might almost say all that he professes to do. For the facts are mostly quite familiar. When a man deliberately walks about the streets or parlours of the Victorian age with long streaming hair surmounted with a gilded smoking-cap, we hardly require a critic to come and whisper hoarsely in our ear, "He was guilty of vanity." When a man writes a library of letters and stories about how much he liked dressing up, playing the romantic hero, fancying himself in adventures with a loaded cudgel or a large knife, picturing himself in every situation that could possibly be picturesque, and explaining the whole psychology of such vicarious egoism in a long essay on Romance, we are almost prepared, so to speak, for the dreadful shock of learning after he has been in his grave for twenty years that he was not altogether incapable of posing. What Mr. Benson does, in the main, is merely to go over all these points with a pin and try to make the pinprick as deep as possible. It is to pass all these poses in review and try to make them out more ridiculous than they really were—sometimes even more ridiculous than they were meant to be. Very often, indeed, the laugh is left quite the other way; and it is really Stevenson

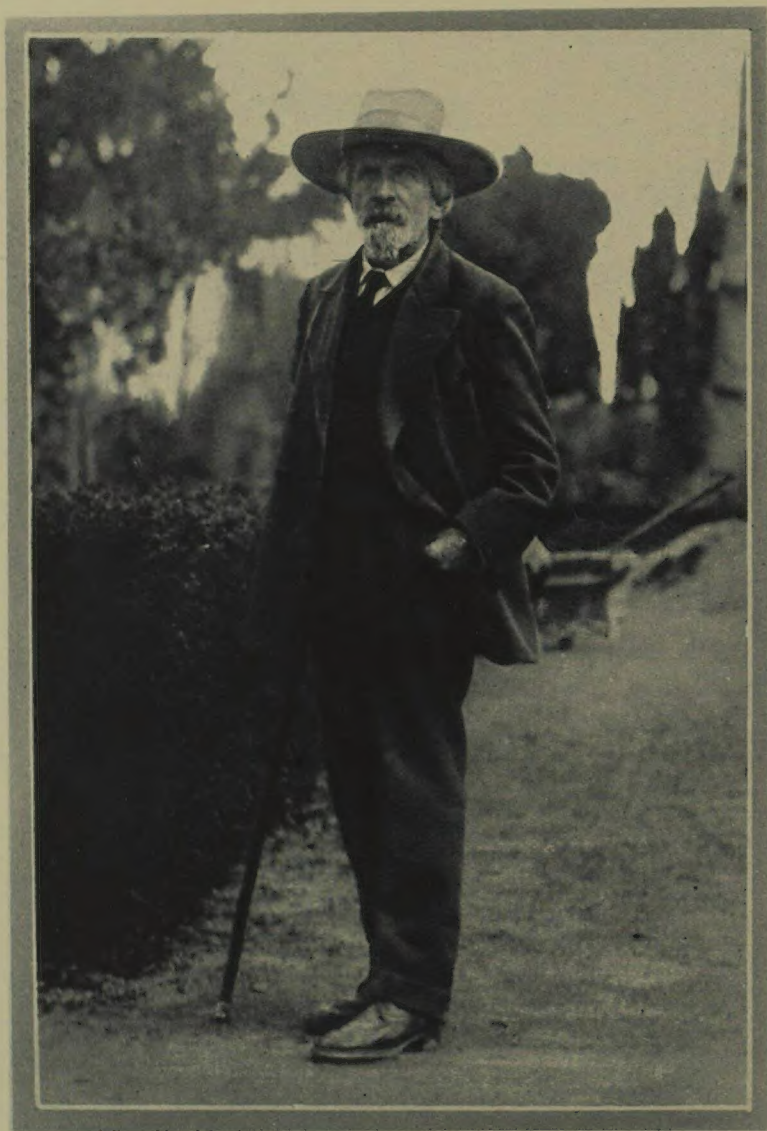
who laughs last. It is he who sees the fun of it, when his critic can only see the folly of it.

For no reader must rush to the *Mercury* in the hope of finding one of those solemn scandals that are common enough in the revision of Victorian biography. This is not the belated confession of somebody who assisted Stevenson to poison his grandmother. This is not the reluctant admission of a candid friend, when the proper time is elapsed, of the fact that Stevenson had three hundred wives in Samoa and threw them all into the sea in sacks. It is not the reluctant admission of a fact at all. That is what I

masquerade, the critic wishes to suggest that it was not a perpetuation of childish make-believe and boyish day-dreams (as most of his friends certainly thought it was), but was a serious and consuming egosim. Well, that is a matter of opinion—or rather, of impression—and Mr. Benson has a perfect right to his impression. But his impression does not prove anything, and it is certainly not my impression or the impression of those better informed than either of us. I think it would be little short of an incredible coincidence if the man who could describe so vividly the innocent "pretending" of the young were really doing it with the sophisticated selfishness of the old. I never

knew Stevenson, but I knew the men who knew him. And many of them were among the last men in the world to be deceived on such a point, or not to know the difference between the vanity of Alan Breck and the pride of Sir Willoughby Patterne. I cannot imagine Henry James being in permanent correspondence with the Egoist without knowing he was the Egoist. I cannot imagine Sir Edmund Gosse being so deficient in the critical spirit of the eighteenth century as not to be bored with anything so boring as a mere subjective self. Nor, indeed, were their relations as much padded with politeness as Mr. Benson suggests. It is quite clear from Stevenson's own letters that he did not always receive adulation. It is quite wrong to say that he did not express affection. Mr. Benson is entitled to hold if he likes that the adulation Stevenson received was excessive. He is entitled to hold if he likes that the affection Stevenson expressed was unreal. But nobody is bound to agree with him, and I certainly do not agree with him. For the rest, about three-quarters of the things that Mr. Benson quotes do not even need any romantic pose or artistic vanity to explain them. They are not even things that can be pardoned to a swaggering Bohemian in a Parisian café. They are things that have to be pardoned to an ordinary City man in a Tooting tram. Most men have it on their conscience that they give a good deal too much trouble to their female surroundings—or rather, they ought to have it on their conscience that it is so seldom in their consciousness. Most men have at some time or other played a silly practical joke or received a well-merited snub from somebody, such as that affair of the lifting of the curtain on which Mr. Benson lifts the curtain in so dramatic a fashion. There is nothing to be said about these trivialities except that they are trivial, and that it is more trivial to sort out such a heap of pins and arrange them all carefully so that they point one way.

I think the real point about Stevenson points quite the other way. If we want to understand what Stevenson stood for, we must compare him not with the man in the Tooting tram, but with the other men in the Parisian café. It was the age of artistic posing, and he was not in the least alone in that. What was peculiar to Stevenson was that the motive of his masquerade was not merely egosim, but a real belief in life. Now life was exactly the thing that these other poseurs did not believe in; they despised anybody who did believe in it. He enjoyed himself; but he enjoyed other things as well. They only enjoyed themselves. That is why they were pessimists.



AN ARCHÆOLOGIST OF GENIUS: THE LATE SENATOR GIACOMO BONI.

Senator Giacomo Boni, whose death occurred on July 7, was not only one of Italy's great archæologists, but, indeed, merited the rank of an archæologist of genius. He was born in Venice on St. Mark's Day, April 25, 1859; and he began his special training as a draughtsman under the director of the restoration of the Palazzo Ducale, when he not only studied for his degree at the Higher School of Architecture, but taught himself Latin, Greek, and English. In due time, he was summoned to Rome by the Minister of Public Instruction, and was sent to report on the monuments of Apulia, work which brought him to the notice of Pope Leo XIII., for whom he advised on the state of the Sistine Chapel. He took charge of the Forum in 1898, and then began the investigations which made him world-famous. Our readers will recall that many of the results of his labours have been published in this paper.

Photograph supplied by Pacific and Atlantic.

complain of. It is the intense and fanatical presentation of one interpretation of the fact we know already. It would be interesting to go through the whole article, taking almost every sentence, and showing how the words are given a twist one way when they might quite as easily be twisted the other. Given the obvious fact of Stevenson's vanity and vainglorious

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SCENE OF THE LIFE'S WORK OF AN ARCHÆOLOGIST OF GENIUS.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY THE ITALIAN AIR SERVICE PRESS BUREAU.



EXPLORED BY GIACOMO BONI: THE FORUM AT ROME, THE CENTRE OF THE GREATEST EMPIRE OF THE PAST.

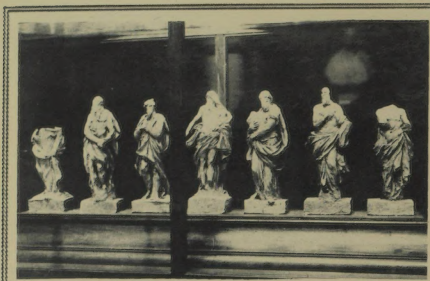
As we note under our portrait of him, Senator Giacomo Boni won his first fame after he had been put in charge of the Forum in 1898, for then it was that he began his exploration of the Temple of Vesta. He continued his labours for several years, with the result that the area open to view was more than doubled. In 1912, he gave a full report of his work in the Forum; and then he definitely changed his scene of operations to the Palatine. In our air-photograph, the Arch of Severus is seen in the left foreground. In the right foreground is the Temple of Saturn, and behind it is the Basilica Julia. Behind the Basilica are seen pillars of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, and towards the left of these

(almost in the centre of the photograph) is the site of the Temple of Vesta, with (behind it, and on its right) the House of the Vestals. Behind the Arch of Severus (on the left) is the Basilica Æmilia, and behind this is the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina. Behind this temple (a little to the left, towards the background) is the Basilica of Constantine, and, still further in the distance (left centre) is the Colosseum, with the Church of Santa Francesca Romana (to which the body of Senator Boni was taken, from his house on the Palatine Hill) in front of it. The Arch of Titus and the Arch of Constantine are seen to the right of the church, as one looks at the photograph.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: NOTABLE EVENTS—AND A "FIND"—RECORDED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY "TIMES," S. AND G. C.P.

G.P.U., ILLUS. BUREAU, TOPICAL, AND C.N.



MODELS BY MICHAEL ANGELO FOUND IN AN ATTIC, UNDER RAGS AND BROKEN WOOD: "APOSTLES" DESIGNED FOR THE DOME OF ST. PETER'S.



AFTER SERIOUS RIOTING IN SHANGHAI: THE CROWD FOLLOWING THREE CHINESE STUDENTS ARRESTED AFTER AN ANTI-JAPANESE MEETING OF PROTEST.



THE RIOTING IN SHANGHAI—NOW THE SCENE OF AN ANTI-BRITISH AND JAPANESE BOYCOTT: FIREMEN DEALING WITH A BUILDING FIRED BY THE MOB.



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TO BECOME AN ANNUAL FUNCTION? "ETON AND HARROW SUNDAY" IN HYDE PARK—A SEQUEL TO THE FAMOUS MATCH.



A RECORD FOR WOMEN ATHLETES: MISS V. PALMER WINNING THE 440 YARDS IN 61.2-5 SEC.



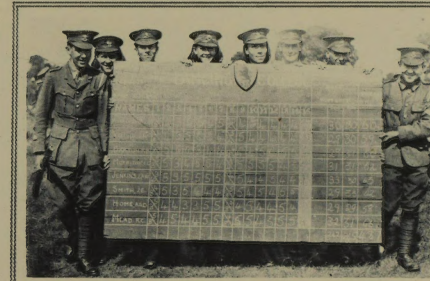
WINNING THE 120-YARDS HURDLES IN 19 SEC.: MISS H. HATT.



WINNING THE LONG JUMP—16 FT. 1 IN.: MISS H. HATT.



A RECORD FOR WOMEN ATHLETES: MISS P. GREEN WINNING THE HIGH JUMP (5 FT.).



WINNERS OF THE ASHBURTON SHIELD AT BISLEY, WITH 467 OUT OF A POSSIBLE 560: THE LANCING COLLEGE TEAM.



AFTER THE BIG FIRE IN GLASGOW: THE RUINS OF KELVIN HALL, "THE OLYMPIA OF SCOTLAND." A WOODEN BUILDING IN WHICH THE GLASGOW CORPORATION HELD THE SCOTTISH MOTOR SHOW.



"A MINATURE OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL, AND ONE OF THE FINEST CHURCHES IN" GLASGOW: THE COLLEGE AND KELVINGROVE CHURCH (OF THE UNITED FREE CHURCH) ON FIRE.



AFTER THE FIRE, WHICH IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY A PIECE OF BURNING FELT BLOWN FROM KELVIN HALL: THE BURNT-OUT COLLEGE AND KELVINGROVE CHURCH.



THE BIG FIRE IN GLASGOW, IN WHICH THE COLLEGE AND KELVINGROVE CHURCH AND KELVIN HALL WERE DESTROYED: A GENERAL VIEW IN THE BURNT-OUT AREA.

There are now to be seen in the Museum of St. Peter's the seven models made by Michael Angelo for statues designed to be placed on the top of the columns of the dome of St. Peter's. The eighth model, which is known to have been made, is missing. There were to have been sixteen heroic figures, but only the eight models were made and none of the statues themselves was executed. Each of the statuettes is about two feet high. Mgr. Casoli, the Director of the Museum, discovered the models last September, beneath a heap of rags and broken wood, in an attic of the Basilica. The state of things in Shanghai cannot, at the moment of writing, be said to be satisfactory. On June 28 there was a meeting of the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce, at which it was determined to form an Association for the Advocacy of the Use of Chinese National Products. This, of course, means a boycott of British and Japanese goods. Senior merchants opposed the idea, but did not gain their way. Those fireworks, and especially those set-pieces, which long delighted visitors at the Crystal Palace have once again come into their own, and the firework season began the other day, much to the general satisfaction. The third annual Women's

Athletic Championships, under the auspices of the Women's A.A.A., were held at Stamford Bridge on July 11. Eight championships changed hands in the twelve events; and two world's records for women were beaten—the High Jump and the Relay. The world's record was equalled in the half-mile. New British records were set up in the half-mile walk and in the 440-yards' run. Miss H. Hatt won the hurdles and long jump, and Miss V. Palmer the 220 and 440 yards. The high jump was won at five feet; the 660-yards' relay, in 1 min. 19.2-5 sec.; the half-mile, in 2 min. 26.3-5 sec.; the half-mile walk, in 4 min. 15 sec.; and the 440 yards' run, in 61.2-5 sec. A series of fires took place in the West-end of Glasgow on the night of July 7. The result was the destruction of the College and Kelvingrove Church (of the United Free Church), which has been described as a miniature of Rheims Cathedral, and was one of the city's finest churches, and also of the Kelvin Hall, in which the Glasgow Corporation had held annually a number of important exhibitions, including the Scottish Motor Show. Save for concrete pillars, this building was of wood. In addition, three sets of dwelling houses were affected.

A CONTRAST IN ROYAL CEREMONIES: AT CHESTER AND AT PRETORIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., S. AND G., AND OFFICIAL.



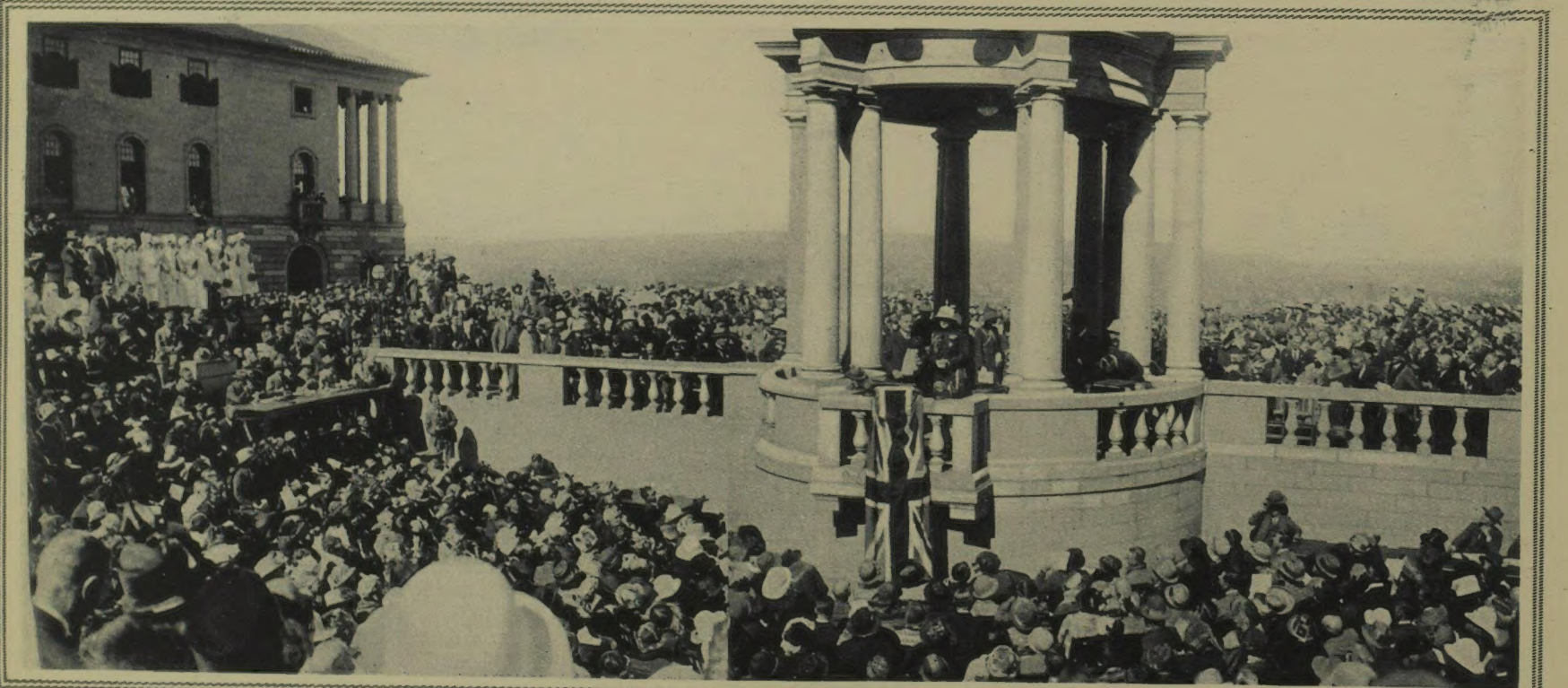
AT THE SHOW OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND, AN EVENT PATRONISED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY THROUGHOUT ITS HISTORY: HEREFORDS IN THE RING AT CHESTER.



INSPECTING PRIZE CATTLE: THE KING SHOWING ACTIVE INTEREST IN THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT CHESTER.



HEARTILY WELCOMED BY THE VISITORS: THE KING ACKNOWLEDGING GREETINGS DURING HIS TOUR OF THE ROYAL SHOW.



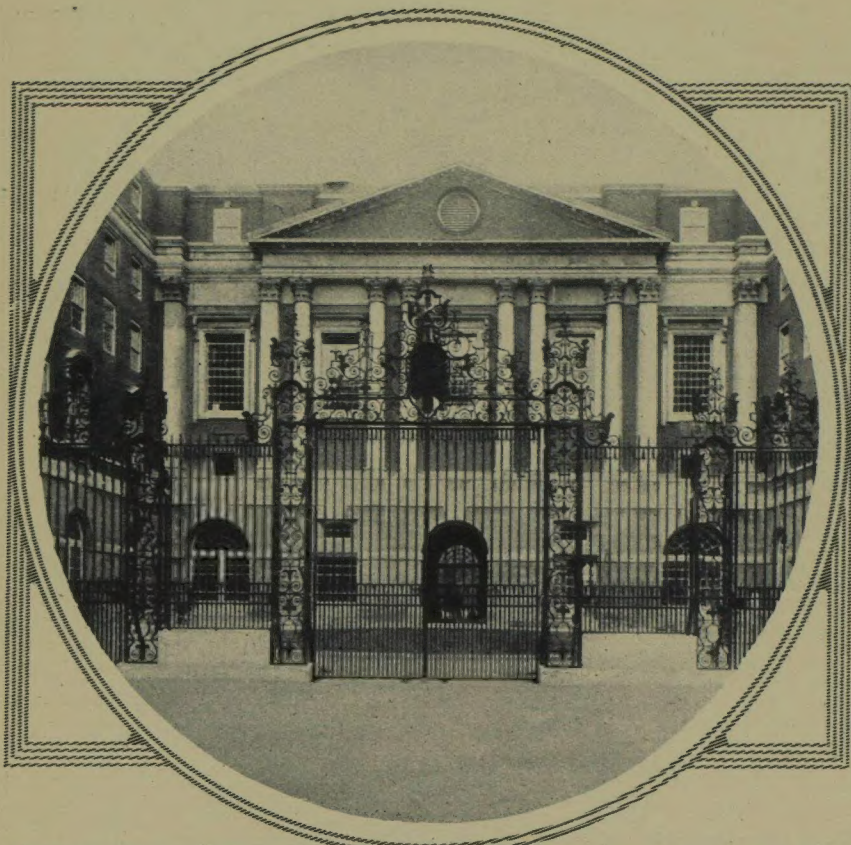
WHEN THE SENIOR PREDIKANT OFFERED A PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING FOR THE FUTURE KING'S SIMPLICITY AND GREATNESS OF HEART: THE PRINCE OF WALES REPLYING TO THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME AT THE UNION BUILDING, PRETORIA.

For the third time since coming to the throne, the King has attended the Show of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, at Chester. His Majesty, it need not be said, received most hearty signs of popular welcome whenever he made a brief halt while motoring from Knowsley, where he was the guest of Lord Derby; and his arrival at the Show was the occasion for a very enthusiastic demonstration. Favoured with brilliant weather, the scene at the Saltney grounds was of the happiest holiday nature, and the live stock and other exhibits made an exceptionally good show. His Majesty inspected the live stock with keen

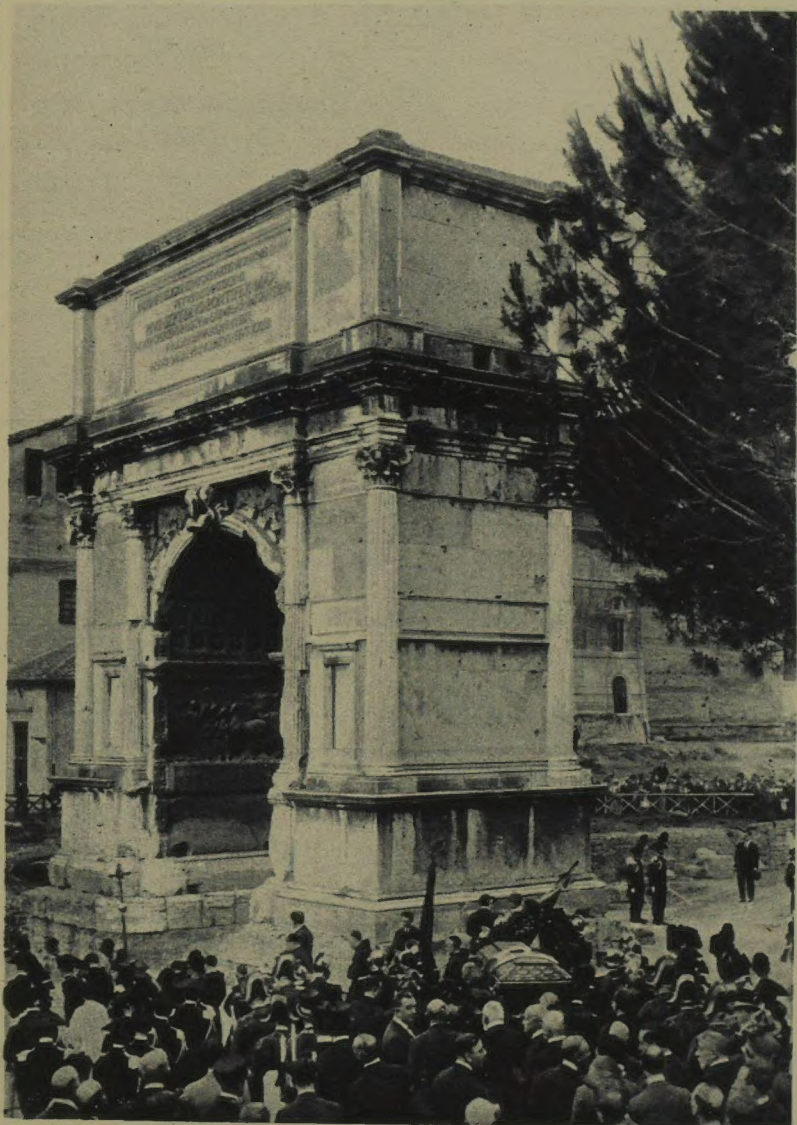
interest, and then, beginning with the working dairy, made a round of the other exhibits.—The reception of the Prince of Wales in Pretoria, the administrative capital of the Union, was, like that of other towns of the Rand, crowded with ceremonies. In the amphitheatre of the Union Building the senior predikant offered a prayer of thanksgiving for the future King's simplicity and greatness of heart. Replying to the welcome offered in the Forum, the Prince said that he would never forget the manifestation of such a friendly spirit, which had been a great encouragement to him in the course of a strenuous tour.

CAMERA NOTES: IN BLOOMSBURY, IN ROME, AND AT PRETORIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.P., C.N., BRUNI, AND S. AND G.



TO THE MEMORY OF THE 574 MEMBERS WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE GREAT WAR: THE GATES OF HONOUR OF THE NEW HOUSE OF THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.



THE REMOVAL OF THE BODY OF SENATOR GIACOMO BONI FROM THE ARCHÆOLOGIST'S HOUSE TO THE CHURCH OF SANTA FRANCESCA ROMANA: THE PROCESSION AT THE ARCH OF TITUS.

On July 13, the King, who was accompanied by the Queen, opened the new House of the British Medical Association, in Tavistock Square, W.C. The ceremony took place in the Great Hall. As a prelude, the Archbishop of Canterbury had dedicated the Gates of Honour, set up at the entrance to the courtyard to the house, as a memorial to the 574 members of the British Medical Association who gave their lives in the war. The British Medical Association, it may be noted, was founded by Sir Charles Hastings, at Worcester, in 1832.—As mentioned on the page on which we give an air-view of the Forum, the body of Senator Giacomo Boni was removed from the archæologist's house on the Palatine



THE KING OPENING THE NEW HOUSE OF THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, IN TAVISTOCK SQUARE, W.C.: HIS MAJESTY MAKING HIS SPEECH IN THE GREAT HALL OF THE BUILDING.



PUTTING A WREATH OF LAUREL LEAVES AND WHITE CARNATIONS ON THE GRAVE: THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE LAST RESTING-PLACE OF PRESIDENT KRUGER, AT PRETORIA.

Hill to the Church of Santa Francesca Romana, which overlooks the Forum and, in part, occupies the site of the Temple of Venus and Roma. A number of Senators and other distinguished men followed the hearse, and the King and Queen of Italy and Senator Mussolini were amongst those who sent wreaths. It was arranged that the dead Senator should be buried on the Palatine Hill, between the Casina Farnesiana and the terrace commanding the view it was his great pleasure to look upon.—On the occasion of his visit to Pretoria, the Prince of Wales went to the last resting-place of President Kruger, which is in the town cemetery, opposite the Kruger Memorial, and there placed a wreath on the grave.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G., ROUGH, PHOTOPRESS, TOPICAL, AND KEYSTONE.



PROMINENT PLAYERS FOR HARROW IN THE MATCH AGAINST ETON: A. C. RAPHAEL AND E. W. E. MANN.



A BATSMAN WHO MADE 5 AND 66 FOR ETON; AND THE BRILLIANT HARROW WICKET-KEEPER: J. P. T. BOSCAWEN AND D. WORMALD.



THE CAPTAINS TOSS-UP BEFORE THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH: R. H. COBBOLD (ETON) AND N. M. FORD (HARROW).



THE WINNERS OF THE INTER-REGIMENTAL POLO CUP: THE 17TH-21ST LANCERS TEAM—MR. R. B. COOKE, MR. H. C. WALFORD, MAJOR V. N. LOCKETT, AND CAPTAIN D. C. BOLES.



AT BROADHALFPENNY DOWN, "THE CRADLE OF CRICKET," PURCHASED BY WINCHESTER COLLEGE: THE WINCHESTER TEAM GROUPED AT THE GRANITE PLINTH OUTSIDE THE BAT AND BALL.



MR. BRIDGEMAN'S MEETINGS WITH THE MINING ASSOCIATION AND THE MINERS' FEDERATION: MEMBERS OF THE MEN'S EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE LEAVING THEIR RUSSELL SQUARE OFFICES FOR THE ADMIRALTY.



THE AMAZING ANTI-EVOLUTION TRIAL AT DAYTON, TENNESSEE: MR. J. T. SCOPES, A DEFENDANT (FOURTH FROM LEFT, SEATED), AND OTHERS CONCERNED IN THE EXTRAORDINARY LEGAL PROCEEDINGS.

A. C. Raphael made 6 in the first innings and 54 in the second innings. E. W. E. Mann made 61 in the first innings, but was run out for a "duck" in the second.—J. P. T. Boscawen scored 5 and 66 for Eton.—The brilliant wicket-keeping of D. Wormald, of Harrow, was a feature of the play. His victims numbered seven, and he scored 23 not out and 28.—The final tie in the Inter-Regimental Cup Polo Tournament, played at Hurlingham on July 11, resulted in a win for the 17th-21st Lancers, who beat the 14th-20th Hussars by seven goals to two. The regiment thus made its sixth consecutive win in these regimental

tournaments in England.—The village of Hambledon, in Hampshire, claims to be the cradle of cricket, for it was wont to challenge the rest of England. The memorial shown is outside the Bat and Ball Inn. Upon it is the inscription: "This stone marks the site of the ground of the Hambledon Cricket Club."—The trial to test the validity of the anti-Evolution law in the State of Tennessee began on July 10, at Dayton. Mr. J. T. Scopes was indicted for "unlawfully and wilfully" teaching in a public school theories denying the Biblical story of the Creation and teaching Evolution.

ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING STRONGHOLDS OF THE TOP HAT!

PHOTOGRAPH BY S. AND G.



MOTOR-CARS BANNED; COACHES AND LANDAUS WELCOMED AS STANDS: THE ETON AND HARROW LUNCHEON INTERVAL.

The Eton and Harrow match is not only a justly famous yearly cricket contest (held this year for the ninety-sixth time), but is one of the most brilliant social functions of the year, and, with Ascot, is one of the few remaining strongholds of the top hat. It is the great gathering of "boys" of all ages, for Old Etonians and Old Harrovians—though they may have passed their "forty years on" and more—recapture all the spirit of youth and become youngsters again, full of the enthusiasm and the energy of school days. The Eton and Harrow

match is also the festival of genuine youth, and provides an enchanting gathering of English girls—the sisters and cousins of the players—clad in the light, summery frocks suited to July, and looking as fresh as a garden of flowers. The special "character" of the Eton and Harrow match is also increased by the fact that motor vehicles are not allowed in the precincts, and that landaus, coaches, and horse-drawn conveyances of all kinds are brought out for the occasion, in order to serve as "stands" for the picnic-lunch parties.

DODOS OF DOMESTICITY: THE COTTAGE OF THE PAST AND ITS GOODS AND CHATTELS.

"OLD ENGLISH HOUSEHOLD LIFE." By GERTRUDE JEKYLL*

SAVE in vestigial form, the home industries of rural England do not exist. Mechanism has mangled memories. The simple ingenuities and the rude beauties have been vulgarised by manufacture in bulk. Individuality has been crushed by the pattern. Fingers have lost their cunning; hearts, their desire.

Peasant craftsmanship is confined to a few districts. There is straw-plaiting in Bedfordshire, and lace-making in Devon. Wooden clogs come from the industrial Midlands. Common pottery is turned where suitable clay is at hand. Chair-making is

of family life, the china ornaments, the pewter, wooden trenchers, horn mugs, the charcoal or ember concealing warming-pan with comfortable face of brass or copper.

They perished with the sunbonnet and the smock, and the pattens whose iron hoops made such sharp prints that "the sentries posted at the park gates in London had orders to turn back any women wearing pattens, to avoid injury to the gravel paths"; with the yard-square carrying handkerchiefs whose use is now restricted to a rapidly decreasing number of sailors and labourers. They are dodos of domesticity. Their bodies only are to be found—"bargains" in curiosity-shops or exhibits in museums. Often they have not even the satisfaction of having left their mark on descendants or of having influenced customs and forms. Few share the advantages of the stave and the sword. Of the former it is written: "The ruts in the roads were so deep that it was a common thing for a private coach to sink into them in mud and water up to the axles, and even deeper, for though they were hung high it happened not infrequently that the body of the carriage actually rested on the ground. Stout bars were carried to be used as levers for raising the wheels. The ornamental staves held by the two footmen who stood on a footboard at the back of State coaches were no doubt a survival of those more practical implements." And as to the latter: "About the year 1825 private people travelled either in hired post-chaises or in their own coaches. . . . These travelling carriages were for post-horses only, there was no coachman's seat. . . . As gentlemen carried swords there was a horizontal receptacle above the shoulders of the travellers whose form showed outside as a long bulge."

They have had their day; but they had their day. The household goods and chattels, as well as the necessities of road and farm, were well enough adapted to their unpretentious duties. Furniture and fittings were primitive but practical; implements were the same—notably the implements; the lanterns, the hangers for pots and kettles, the chimney cranes, the fire-dogs, the toasters, the nippers with which the white loaf sugar was cut into lumps, and so on; and, especially, perhaps, the rushlight holders and the grease-pans used for the dipping.

A famous invention, this rushlight! "In the early days of the eighteenth century candles were the only means of having artificial light, even in the best houses. But in the cottages, until about the year 1830, or even, perhaps, later, the only artificial illuminant other than the firelight was from the rushlights that were made at home." The prepared rushes were soaked in melted grease and then dried. As to cost: Gilbert White wrote: "A pound of common grease may be procured for four pence, and about six pounds of grease will dip a pound of rushes, and one pound of rushes may be bought for one shilling, so that a pound of rushes, medicated and ready for use, will cost three shillings. . . . A good rush, which measured in length two feet four inches and a half, being minuted, burnt only three minutes short of an hour. . . . These rushes give a good, clear light. . . . In a pound of dry rushes, averduois, which I caused to be weighed and numbered, we found upwards of one thousand six hundred individuals."

And there were refinements—the labour-savers of their time. The idle-back, or lazy-back, was one of them, and it enabled the kettle to be tipped forward without being taken off the fire. The standing toaster was a distinct improvement upon the hand-scorching fork. The early years of the nineteenth century knew a form of bellows giving a continuous blast. "It has a drum-shaped body narrowing into a square channel that ends in a brass nozzle. Inside the drum is a wheel with floats. Outside there is an arrangement of two wheels with driving-bands, the larger with a handle, which turn the wheel within, the multiplied power making a steady draught." Of the same period was "a contrivance for getting a light by flint and steel . . .

called a strike-a-light. It had a handle like a pistol, and the same mechanism as a flint-lock musket. The flint held in the cock, when released by the trigger, struck against a raised steel plate attached to the round box that held the tinder, the impact both forcing up the lid and throwing a spark on to the tinder."

To which add the warming-pan's rival, a bed-wagon "in use from the earlier years of the eighteenth century, and possibly from a still more remote date. It was a cumbersome thing, from three to four feet long, made all of oak; the main structure consisted of four rails connected by four flattened hoops, and with rods that acted both as ties and stretchers. In the middle, resting on the bottom part of the framework, was a tray on which was a trivet for holding the pan of hot ashes. Over this, attached to the underside of the upper part of the frame, was a piece of sheet iron corresponding to the tray below. This and the tray prevented any scorching of the bedclothes."

Of such things the author writes with charm and with knowledge—and of much that is akin: the evolution of the fireplace, cottage construction, old people and costumes, travelling traders and gipsies, old country mechanism, mills and dove-cotes, roads, carriages, carts, and wagons, gates and fences, bridges, old-time punishments, and churchyards.

Do you know the beginnings of the roofed lighthouse? Its "original purpose was to be a place where the coffin might rest while awaiting the escort of the priest on its way into the church. Formerly there was a stone, called the lich-stone, on which it actually rested."

Do you realise how recent is the fireplace as we make it? It was practically unknown in ordinary dwelling-houses until the sixteenth century. "Some such fireplaces were only in the greater castles and palaces, and even in some of these buildings still existing, the ancient fireplace, as at Penshurst, remains in the middle of the floor of the great hall. . . . The smoke found its way out as it could, usually through a hole in the roof, or by interstices in thatch or tiling, or any openings as of doors or windows. . . . The first advance towards a chimney was in the latter part of the thirteenth century, when the hole in the roof was covered with open boarding in the form that is still known as louvres; they were made of horizontal slats of wood, fixed apart and set diagonally in order to throw off the wet, and roofed in at the top."

A very excellent book, this "Old English House-



PUNISHMENT FOR THE SHREW: AN ELABORATE DUCKING STOOL IN WROUGHT IRON—IN BEAUMONT PARK MUSEUM, PLYMOUTH.

Reproductions from "Old English Household Life," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. B. T. Batsford, Ltd.

practised at High Wycombe, where it began because beech-wood was in plenty.

The rest is silence.

Distaff, spindle, and wheel no longer make the flaxen thread for the weaver. The thatcher is in imminent danger of extinction. The smith's hammer beats but feebly at the forge. The bee-keeper is losing the art of building hives of untwisted ropes of straw bound or stitched together with bands of willow, hazel or bramble. The stone quern does not grind the corn. The wattle hurdle is yielding to iron and wire.

And thus it is with much else. The wooden plough, with its team of horses or bullocks, has been superseded by the motor-driven. No more is the flail, with which a good man could "knock all the grain out of a single head of corn stood up on end at the first blow," and well earn a swig from his harvest-bottle, a little barrel of tough oak hooped with iron, "with a projecting mouthpiece convenient to drink from."

The patchwork quilt of the thrifty, kaleidoscopic with odds and ends of cotton print and flowered chintz, and the sampler gay with floral exuberances, quaint, angular figures of men and beasts and wild fowl, alphabets and maps, and precepts at least as worthy as those of the moral "pocket-ankercher," have gone the way of flint and steel and tinder, rushlights and the snuffers that quelled the stench of smoking wicks, the andirons for holding-in the logs; the pot hanging from its crane, the tongs for lifting the brand to light rush or pipe, the spit-racks and the cradle or pronged spit, the open hearth, symbol



THE CHIMNEY CRANE, ENABLING THE POT TO BE SWUNG TO THE MOST CONVENIENT PART OF THE FIRE: AN ORNAMENTED SPECIMEN.

hold Life." None can read it without enjoyment, and few without enlightenment. As to the collector, he must not be without it.

E. H. G.

* "Old English Household Life: Some Account of Cottage Objects and Country Folk." By Gertrude Jekyll, Author of "Wood and Garden," "Old West Surrey," etc. Illustrated. (B. T. Batsford, Ltd.; 21s. net.)

THE EARTHQUAKE AT "THE MENTONE OF THE PACIFIC": SANTA BARBARA WRECKAGE.



WITH A UNITED STATES SAILOR ON GUARD AGAINST LOOTERS: THE WRECKED FAÇADE OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK, IN STATE STREET, SANTA BARBARA.



SEEKING SAFETY IN THE OPEN COUNTRY: REFUGEES, WHO FLED FROM SANTA BARBARA AFTER THE SHOCKS, SCANTILY CLAD AND WITH FEW OF THEIR BELONGINGS.



DESTRUCTION IN SANTA BARBARA'S BUSINESS CENTRE: THE SAN MARCOS BUILDING; WITH SEARCHERS BUSY AMONG THE RUINS.



A REMARKABLE EARTHQUAKE EFFECT: A WRECKED CHURCH AND ITS TOWER.



AFTER THE SHOCKS: THE ARLINGTON HOTEL, ONE OF THE FOREMOST IN SANTA BARBARA, ALMOST COMPLETELY DESTROYED.



WITH A SALVATION ARMY BUILDING UNHURT (LEFT CENTRE): WRECKED SHOPS IN STATE STREET—LOOKING NORTH.



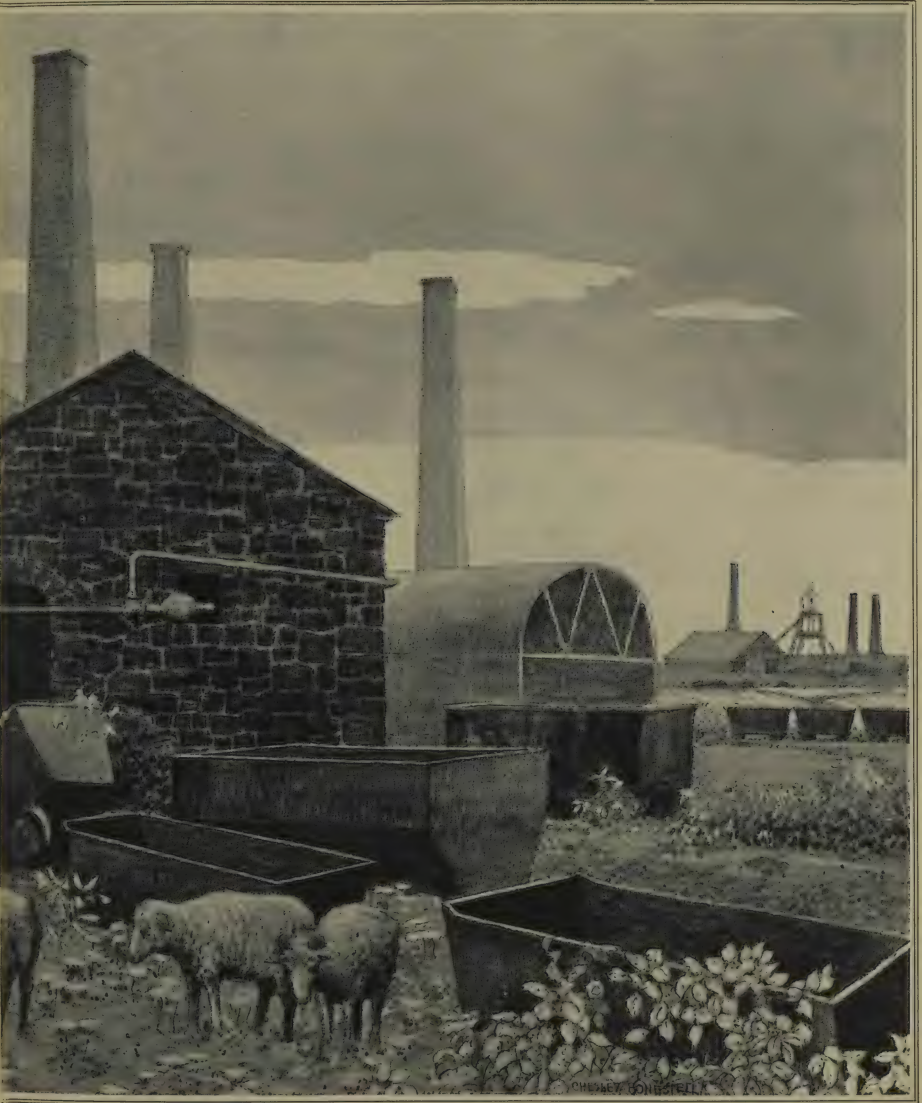
OUTER WALLS STRIPPED OFF—AND ROOMS EXPOSED AS IN A MODEL: THE CALIFORNIA HOTEL AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

Santa Barbara, the famous Californian coast resort, called, from its beauty, "the Mentone of the Pacific," was devastated by earthquake shocks on the two last days in June. On Monday, the 29th, the first shocks took place, causing great destruction to property and the loss of many lives, and early on the following morning other severe shocks occurred, completing the ruin of the town. By that time, however, the inhabitants had taken to the lawns and open country

for safety. Among the buildings destroyed was the Franciscan Mission, a relic of old Spanish days and famous in story and romance. It was wrecked by earthquake a century ago, and had only recently been completely rebuilt. In the business centre of the town many of the buildings collapsed almost completely, but it was found that those most carefully constructed best withstood the shocks. The earthquake was felt more or less throughout California and beyond.

RUST AND DECAY, AND VERDURE EVEN TO THE MOUTHS OF THE SHAFTS: THE CLOSED COLLIERY.

DRAWN BY CHESLEY BONESTELL FROM A SKETCH BY WILLIAM STEWART.



SHEEP GRAZING AMONG THE DISUSED "TRAMS": STAGNATION AT A SOUTH WALES

Of the sketch from which this drawing was made, Mr. Stewart writes: "At many collieries rust and decay are evident on every hand, and verdure is springing up even to the mouths of the shafts. Where once was a scene of restless activity and industry, there is now a stillness; while sheep graze among the disused 'trams.' The picture, indeed, well and truly illustrates the state of stagnation at many of our collieries, and is a sign and a portent of the serious condition of the general position of much of Britain's trade. Sir P. Cunliffe-Lister, the President of the Board of Trade, said in the House recently: 'In the first quarter of 1925 the coal output was ninety-two per cent. of that in 1913, and had been steadily falling recently.'" On the same occasion, Sir

COLLIERY, ONE OF THE HUNDREDS OF MINES AT WHICH WORK HAS CEASED.

Alfred Mond said that a most serious matter was the recurring crises in the vital industry of coal, and that he hoped that the Government, if necessary, would not be deterred from taking firm and strong action in the national interest to prevent a dislocation which might be almost fatal to our industries. Meanwhile, we have, at the moment of writing, yet another dispute between owners and men in the mining industry. Concerning this, the Secretary of the Mining Association, writing a statement of the owners' position, said that "the cost of producing coal must be reduced; that more than half of the pits of the country were working at a loss; that 500 of them had been closed; and that the number of closed pits continued to increase."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the U.S.A. and Canada.]

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

"THE WILD DUCK," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

AS I witnessed the truly excellent *ensemble* which Miss Sybil Arundale has recruited to interpret Ibsen's masterpiece, my thoughts travelled back beyond a quarter of a century. What a difference in acting between then and now! Then "The Wild Duck" was approached by one and all as something sacrosanct, and when W. L. Abingdon senior, the renowned villain of the Adelphi, played the great "opportunist," Ekdal, in a comedy vein instead of the more sententious manner of the times, there was at least one critic of importance who chided him for destroying the spirit of the character. Of the other actors, there was only one who dared to be natural, and that was Mrs. G. R. Foss, who played Hedvig. Hers was the appearance and the voice of a child, and her interpretation was so touching that it impelled floods of tears. "The Wild Duck" then already began what I would term the redemption of Ibsen—he whom, after "Ghosts," several critics flouted as "a dirty old man." (Could one trust one's ears while remembering this outrage?)

But the first production never wholly revealed the play. It was found drab and boresome. Only the Ibsenites proclaimed greatness. They were a small but vociferous minority; the rest confessed to being puzzled by the symbolic meaning of the "Wild Duck," Hedvig, and some poked fun at the quaint menagerie which father Ekdal maintained—at the back of the dining-room. A little later, Laurence Irving—that young genius who, had he lived, might have become the foremost character-actor on our stage—played Ekdal. It was a revelation. In that peculiar halting manner of his, in his staccato utterance, in the almost ferocious grimness of his humour, there was an originality which was as bewildering as it was effective. Irving had understood the part and the play as no one before him, and if his personality did not allow the "milk of human kindness" to flow but merely to percolate, it was sufficiently impressive to imbue the audience with the pathos as well as the humour of the man whom in daily life we meet at every step—the *hasta-mañana* man who idles and ambles and prates and dallies through his

the dialogue, as it were, under a spell of awe. He told them over and over again not to be afraid, not to look upon these "foreigners," (as he called the people of the play) as mysterious beings, but as ordinary mortals. "For heaven's sake," he once exclaimed, "don't recite! You are not on the deck

reveals in bathos, which he mistakes for pathos. With all that, a child-man with a heart—yet a heart whose way leads *via* the stomach. Mr. Rosmer has never done anything better in his long career. His Ekdal will live. Next to him, in the same breath, we would name the Gregers Werle of Mr. Ion Swinley—that other idealist feasting on doctrines applied to his neighbour, that would-be purifier of mankind, that destroyer of constructive intentions, that unconscious busybody intoxicated by the exuberance of his own verbosity. Another perfect portrayal. And what am I to say of Miss Angela Baddeley's Hedvig, so tender, so aloof, so secretive of the torments of her little soul, shedding bitter tears that came from the heart when her father, in one of his phases of hypersentimentality, would cast her off—for a moment only? How pathetic she was, how true she rang how she sobbed loudly and continuously—a difficult and perilous thing to do on the stage—without ever dispelling the illusion of heartrending grief! Here is an emotional actress and no mistake!

Mr. Brember Wills again added to his gallery of "old masters." What sadness lay in the figure of that old man, half-witted, playing at "Zoo" with his duck and rabbits—a human ruin with one foot in the world still, and the other in that Nirvana where senility fraternises with fragments of yesteryears! And never before have I seen a Relling so cogent as Mr. Sydney Bland's, that outspoken sage who possessed the secret of *in vino veritas* and fathomed his Ekdal as well as Gregers—in his eyes sheer buffoons, human frogs inflated by their imagination. Miss Sybil Arundale modestly cast herself for Gina, and she played her with great understanding. Gina is a sound, matter-of-fact woman, one of the people, scant of education (does she not say "pig-stole" for pistol?) She is the beast of burden, works while her man talks, knows full well that food means more to him than his much-talked-of invention, for ever in the air. She must be simple, she must be common-sense, listening to the vapourings around, yet ever remembering that life is a business and that when others talk, her task is to put her hand



A PUZZLED AND REMORSEFUL WIDOW: ANNE MORECOMBE (MISS MOLLY KERR), IN JOHN GALSWORTHY'S PLAY, "THE SHOW."

Mr. Galsworthy's new play, "The Show," running at the St. Martin's Theatre, dealing as it does with the problem of the undue publicity of morbid details, has aroused conflicting criticisms. But the acting of Miss Molly Kerr as a suicide's widow has elicited every praise.—[Photograph by Pollard Crowther.]

of the *Hesperus*, but in the parlour of simple folk who live the life that you and I live—only" (and then he grinned as his father would do when he became caustic) "they are not afraid of the skeleton in the cupboard, as we are, but pull it into the light." He referred, of course, to the vapourings of Ekdal when Werle, that self-appointed saviour of the world in general and the Ekdal family in particular, told him of his wife's prenuptial relations with Werle *père*, and the possibility of Hedvig's illegitimacy. To a certain extent, Laurence Irving succeeded in his humanisation of the performance, but he was a genius among lesser lights, and in memory his reading dwells illuminated, with Hedvig as the next truly live figure by his side. Of the rest we remember only that they were acceptable.

That lukewarm praise will never be bestowed on the revival at the Everyman, which will go a long way to contradict the recent declamation of some critics, when "The Lady from the Sea" was produced, that "Ibsen is passing!" Never has the master's work proved so fresh, so modern; never have we been so alive to the fact that "The Wild Duck" is a great play in the true sense of the word—great in craft, great in thought, in humour, in poignancy, in the absolute verity of the characters—and that despite a translation hampered by lack of flexibility. In the English version, much of the inherent naturalness of the characters is lost in stiffness of language; but only the initiated felt that. The whole performance riveted the audience from first to last; and it was interesting to observe—and a tribute to Ibsen—how in the swift transitions from humour to tragedy the hearers were never perplexed, but from laughter glided into the hush of rapt silence.

The Ekdal of Mr. Milton Rosmer was, perhaps, the outstanding figure in this cast of all-round excellence. He made of the photographer a real tragi-comic figure, and yet a thoroughly human one. We saw the man within as well as from without. He was a kind of Peter Pan—a child in a burly frame, an idealist ignoring what ideal means, a materialist with sentimental chords, the type that



AN EPISODE IN A LIFE: DAISY ODIHAM (MISS HERMIONE BADDELEY), THE MISTRESS OF THE SUICIDE. Miss Hermione Baddeley, as the mistress of the dead Major Morecombe, has a not unimportant part to play in "The Show." She has had nothing to do with the tragedy, direct or indirect, but she becomes for a moment a centre of suspicion, which has its reaction on her grief.—[Photograph by Pollard Crowther.]

days in heralding deeds of to-morrow (that never comes) in grandiloquent words that are mere sounds, in boisterous upheavals of sentimentality that are nothing but an appeal for the undeserved sympathy of his surroundings.

Laurence Irving, who directed the performances, tried to instil into his fellow-players the natural way of acting. He tried to break them away from the solemnity with which the actors of the time attacked



THE DEAD MAN'S TRAGIC MOTHER: LADY MORECOMBE (MISS HAIDÉE WRIGHT), A DOMINANT CHARACTER IN "THE SHOW."

Perhaps the most notable performance of all in Mr. Galsworthy's new play is the acting of Miss Haidée Wright. She is active, with a deadly quiet energy, all through the play in her duel on the one hand with the Press, and on the other with the police, to secure the right of privacy in sorrow and vindicate the memory of her son.—[Photograph by Pollard Crowther.]

to the plough. Miss Arundale played all that in the right key. It is not a part that allows her to give all that is in her. But it is one that lifts her for good from the frothy stuff that hitherto was thought to be good enough for her. As a manageress and as an actress, she has made her claim and she has made good.

A MINOAN LIFE BEYOND: "THE RING OF NESTOR"—AND BUTTERFLIES.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY COURTESY OF SIR ARTHUR EVANS. (SEE PAGES 112 AND 130.)



FIG. 1. EVIDENCE OF THE CONNECTION OF THE BUTTERFLY WITH THE HUMAN SOUL: GOLD FUNERAL SCALES WITH BUTTERFLIES FOUND IN THE THIRD SHAFT GRAVE AT MYCENAE—RESTORED.



FIG. 2. FROM THE THIRD SHAFT GRAVE AT MYCENAE: A BUTTERFLY ON A GOLD PLATE (A); AND THE GOLD DISC BUTTERFLY SCALES AS FOUND (B).



FIG. 3. SYMBOLS OF A LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE: A THIN PLATE CUT OUT IN BUTTERFLY FORM (A); AND CHRYSALISES (B AND C)—FROM THE THIRD SHAFT GRAVE AT MYCENAE.

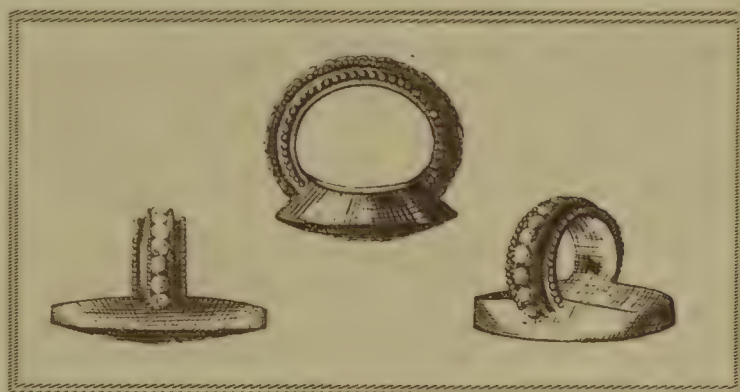


FIG. 4. FUNERAL, AND WORN SUSPENDED: "THE RING OF NESTOR," WHICH IS OF SOLID GOLD AND WEIGHS 31.5 GRAMMES. (CIRCA MIDDLE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY B.C.).



FIG. 5. WITH BUTTERFLIES AND CHRYSALISES ABOVE HER HEAD—THE CHRYSALISES SHOWING ATTACHMENTS ON THEIR LEFT: THE MINOAN GODDESS OF THE RING (CENTRE).

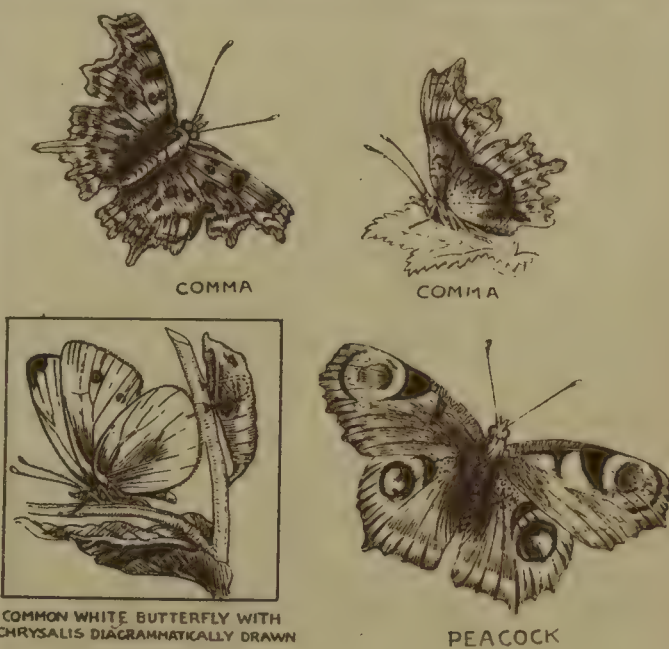


FIG. 6. FOR COMPARISON WITH THOSE OF THE MYCENAE GRAVE—COMMA BUTTERFLIES; THE COMMON WHITE, WITH A SKETCH OF THE CHRYSALIS'S ATTACHMENT (SEE FIG. 5); AND THE PEACOCK.

As is explained in Sir Arthur Evans's article, the butterflies and the chrysalises above the head of the goddess in the top left-hand division of the design on the "Ring of Nestor" show that the figure is that of one endowed with divine attributes who had a relation to the spirits of the departed. "The idea that butterflies are departed spirits is common the world over, but . . . there is evidence that this belief has attached itself in a particular way to white butterflies or moths. . . . The chrysalis as an emblem of a new life after death is illustrated by two finds made at Mycenae. In the Third Shaft Grave—a woman's tomb—

were found two pendent gold objects attached by means of a perforation through the upper ends to small chains, described by Dr. Schliemann as 'grasshoppers' or 'tree-crickets,' but which are unquestionably intended for chrysalises. . . . That other lepidoptera besides the common white were regarded as belonging to the World of Spirits is demonstrated by the character of the golden butterflies found with the chrysalises in the Third Grave Shaft, as well as by parallel finds from Crete." Sir Arthur describes the ring as "of pure Minoan workmanship." It was secured by him as having come from the "Tomb of Nestor," on the bluff known as Kakovatos.

THE RING OF NESTOR:

A GLIMPSE INTO THE AFTER-WORLD OF PREHISTORIC GREECE.

By SIR ARTHUR EVANS. Abridged from an article published in the "Journal of Hellenic Studies," and to be published separately by Macmillans.

DISCOVERY OF NESTOR'S PYLOS AND SEPULCHRAL VAULT.

NESTOR, the Methuselah of the Greeks, whose life extended to three times the span of other mortals, is connected by the Homeric tradition with the western coastland of the Morca. Here, in fact, Dr. Dörpfeld, in pursuing his Homeric investigations on that side in 1907, found a prehistoric acropolis and the remains of three great beehive tombs like those of Mycenæ. These remains, which there is every reason to connect with Nestor's seat, lay on a bluff called Kakovatos, overlooking the Pylian Plain.

Dr. Dörpfeld's party came on a gang of peasants who were actually engaged in removing blocks for building material from what remained of the circular wall of the largest of these great domed chambers, which must have been well-nigh 40 ft. in height as well as diameter. This vault—or, rather, what remains of it—as being somewhat larger than the two others, has already, owing to Dr. Dörpfeld's discovery, acquired the name of the "Tomb of Nestor." In it was a grave-pit entirely ransacked.

What treasures might not the sepulchral cell have contained had it been found intact! One calls to mind the relic with which the name of Nestor was most associated in epic tradition—the "right goodly cup, embossed with studs of gold, and round each of its four handles two golden doves were feeding." This cup, indeed, not only in the doves that surmounted its handles, but in its supports on either side, actually finds its analogy in a gold chalice from the fourth shaft-grave at Mycenæ, characteristic features of which again appear in the well-known vases embossed with "rodeo" scenes, from a beehive tomb at Vaphcio, contemporary with that of Nestor.

The most important result, however, obtained by the painstaking researches of the German archaeologists within the vaults, apart from the discovery of some fragmentary jewels, was the restoration of a series of magnificent painted jars which now adorn the Athens Museum. One of the earlier of these is given in Fig. 7, and its style—belonging to the first half of the sixteenth century B.C.—helps to date the original interment.

RECOVERY OF SIGNET-RING.

A fortunate chance, due to information kindly supplied me by a friend, put me on the track of another find far surpassing in interest anything that this previous investigation had succeeded in eliciting. It was not only blocks for building material that the peasants had been able to carry off from the tomb before their marauding work was interrupted. My

sovereigns, and has a hoop of disproportionately small dimensions. It belongs, in fact, to an archaic funeral type of bead-seal, which was originally worn suspended round the neck or wrist.

THE SUBJECT OF "THE RING OF NESTOR."

The ring is remarkable, not only for its massive fabric and old-time Minoan form, but even more from



FIG. 7.—OF THE FIRST HALF OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY B.C.: A PAINTED JAR (FROM "NESTOR'S TOMB" AT KAKOVATOS) WHICH HELPS TO DATE THE ORIGINAL INTERMENT.

Reproduction by Courtesy of Sir Arthur Evans.

the unrivalled wealth of illustration presented by its intaglio and the deep interest of the subject of its designs. The central subject of the ring, with its two arms, might either be taken to represent the trunk of a tree with two horizontal branches and

horizontal projection can easily be paralleled by some of the ancient plane trees or evergreen oaks of Greece. The trunk itself rises from a kind of mound, the incisions on which may be taken as a summary attempt to indicate vegetation. Couched on the bank, moreover, is an animal, apparently intended for a dog, guarding the base of the tree, and the position of this is alone sufficient to exclude the idea that the engraver intended to depict here an arm of the sea.

What we have here, then, before us, is unquestionably a tree, old and gnarled, standing, as it would seem, with spreading roots on the top of a mound or hillock. The one obvious and largely satisfying comparison is, in fact, supplied, in a very distant quarter, by the old Scandinavian "Tree of the World," the Ash of Odin's steed, Yggdrasil. The branches of this greatest of all trees stretch over the whole world and shoot upwards to the sky. One of its three roots reaches to the divine Æsir, another to the land of the Giants, the third to the Underworld (Hella).

BUTTERFLIES AND CHRYSALISES: EMBLEMS OF RESURGENCE.

Taking the designs on the intaglio in the order in which they appear in the impression given at the foot of this page (Fig. 9), we see in the upper left compartment above the bough on that side what are clearly two separate groups. The first of these consists of two female figures, in which the analogy of other scenes enables us to recognise the great Minoan Goddess and a female companion with whom she is often associated. Some very significant adjuncts, moreover, seen immediately above the head of the Goddess, bear a suggestive relation to her functions as Lady of the Underworld.

Fluttering near, and almost settling on her head, are two butterflies, and above them, in turn, two other objects in which, from their form and the associations in which they appear, it seemed reasonable to recognise two corresponding chrysalises. They presented, moreover, the peculiarity of showing hook-like projections at the sides, apparently for attachment. The effect of the whole is well shown by the sketch (Fig. 8), where the original is enlarged.

Professor Poulton, the eminent entomological authority, to whom I submitted the sketch, confirmed this identification. "I do not think," he writes, "that there is the slightest doubt that the two objects above the butterflies represent chrysalises." He adds that "the commonest of all pupæ—the



FIG. 8.—"THE RING OF NESTOR": A SKETCH OF THE IMPRESSION—ENLARGED.

Reproductions by Courtesy of Sir Arthur Evans.

informant had obtained a bad impression of what it was easy to see was a signet-ring of an extraordinary character. The possibility that this might be lost to science impelled me at once to undertake a special journey to that somewhat inaccessible part of Greece, and I have been able in the end to carry off the precious object itself. The ring, of which representations are given in Fig. 4, is exceptionally massive. It is of solid gold, of about the weight of four

spreading roots below, or it might be regarded as a river with two lateral streams running into it and itself debouching on a bay of the sea. Had we here, perhaps, the Rivers of Paradise? But the rounded contour of the upright dividing object in the middle of the field has no resemblance to water, while its sinewy surface shows the unmistakable features of the trunk of an old tree. The same must be said of the branches on either side, and their almost

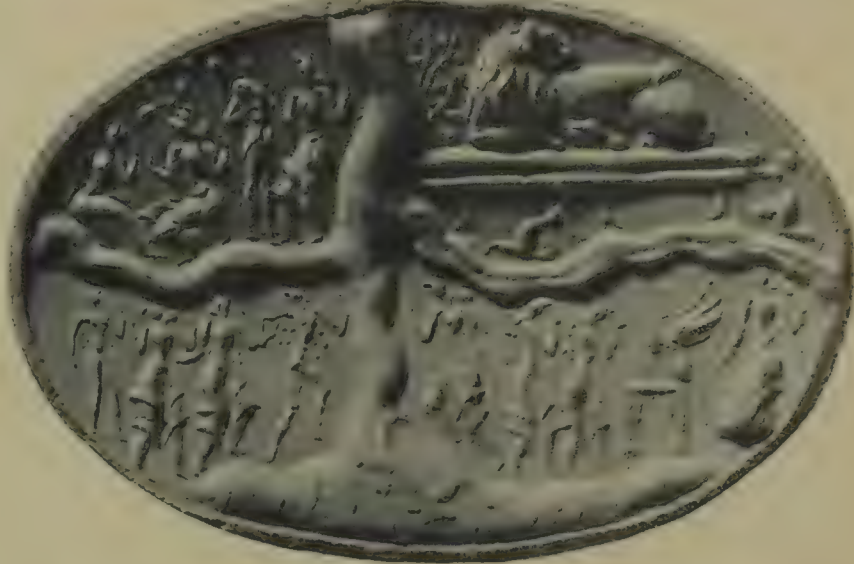


FIG. 9.—"THE RING OF NESTOR": A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CAST OF THE RING—ENLARGED.

'Common Whites'—are attached, either horizontally or, as shown in this case, head upwards, by a girdle round the middle, which I have no doubt is represented by the tag shown to the left of the figures."

It is noteworthy that the Greek word ψυχή, a spirit, as transferred to a butterfly, is illustrated by Aristotle, who, in this connection, first described the genesis of the perfect insect from a caterpillar and chrysalis, by the life history of a White

[Continued on page 130.]

OUR FIRST GLIMPSE INTO THE WORLD BEYOND AS CONCEIVED BY THE MINOANS.

RESTORATION OF THE DESIGN, IN THE STYLE OF THE MINIATURE FRESCOS OF KNOSSOS, BY M. E. GILLIÉRON *filis*, EXECUTED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF SIR ARTHUR EVANS, BY WHOSE COURTESY WE REPRODUCE IT.



A YOUNG COUPLE REUNITED BEYOND THE GRAVE, AND A "GRIFFIN COURT" INITIATION: PRE-HELLENIC ESCHATOLOGY ON "THE RING OF NESTOR."

Discussing the subject of "The Ring of Nestor," Sir Arthur Evans says that in the upper left compartment above the bough on that side are two distinct groups. The first, that on the left, shows two female figures—the great Minoan Goddess, the Lady of the Underworld, and a female companion. The butterflies and chrysalises recall the idea that butterflies are departed spirits. The other two figures are those of a youth reunited, by the life-giving power of the Goddess, to his wife, who has preceded him to the Underworld. On the other side of the upper part of the trunk of the

"Tree of the World" is the couched Lion Guardian of the Underworld, tended by handmaidens of the Goddess. In the lower row (a single composition, though divided by the trunk) the young couple reappear in what is apparently a scene of initiation. On the extreme right is the Goddess herself, and before her is another of her guardian monsters, a Winged Griffin of the Minoan type. Before this are Griffin ladies; two of them deputed to present the young couple at the "Griffins' Court," while a third warns off a youth (to the left) as unworthy. (See other Pages.)

WHERE POEMS ARE TIED TO THE BLOSSOMS: FLOWER-LADEN JAPAN.

ANTU. (COPYRIGHTED)



"THE MOST GRACEFUL OF ALL JAPANESE FLOWERS": WISTARIAS IN THE GARDENS OF KAMEIDO.

"EARLY May," writes Mr. Herbert Ponting, in "In Lotus Land, Japan," "is heralded by the most graceful and delicate of all Japanese flowers, and with the blossoming of the wistarias, one feels that summer is indeed at hand. The gardens of Kameido . . . are in May the favourite spot, and thousands go to see them. . . . Many of the pendent blooms are of almost incredible length—a yard or more—and above them a dense canopy of foliage grows, shutting off all direct light from the sky. But the blossoms all hang downwards, and under these lovely flowers æsthetic flower-worshippers sit in the cool, scented shade, and meditate and improvise poems, which they tie to the floral wonders by which they are inspired. Merely to rest for hours on end in this floral paradise and gaze and think in silence is pleasure enough to thousands of the quiet, well-conducted nature-lovers; and at Kameido one sees none of the Bacchanalian merriment attendant on the April scenes at Mukōjima."

"MOST visitors endeavour to arrive in Japan in spring, in time to see the Cherry-Blossom Festivals. . . . For a brief week or two each year, all Japan is a very shrine to Flora, as anyone who has been there in springtime can affirm. It is a land of azaleas and cherry-blossoms. The face of the country smiles with them, and the latter are far more symbolical of the Empire of the Rising Sun than the chrysanthemum which forms the Imperial crest. . . . Tokyo can scarcely claim to rank amongst the most beautiful cities of the world, yet there are times when the Japanese capital glows with beauty. These are the occasions of the Cherry-Blossom Festivals; and of all Japanese floral displays none can compare with April's glorious pageant. . . . Japanese cherry-blossoms are pink, not white like ours, and from a distance the trees resemble a bank of clouds softly flushed by the evening after-glow." Thus, again, Mr. Ponting, in "In Lotus Land, Japan."



FAR MORE SYMBOLICAL OF THE EMPIRE OF THE RISING SUN THAN THE CHRYSANTHEMUM: CHERRY-BLOSSOMS, AT LAKE BIWA.

"Reverence for flowers is one of the most charming characteristics of the Japanese. They are not flower-lovers, however, in the sense that Europeans are, for they care not for every flower. They love only a few, but these few they love in a different way from any other people. Their love amounts almost to worship. They hold great festivals in honour of their favourites, and they flock to famous spots to view them by hundreds and thousands." In Tokyo,

Kameido is famous for its blossoms, for in the gardens of this old Shinto Temple there is a superb display. Lake Biwa is the largest of Japanese lakes and lies in the heart of the Province of Omi, about one-fifth of which it covers. According to tradition, this is the lake which "fills the great depression that appeared in the earth during a violent seismic disturbance one night in the year 286 B.C., when Fuji-san burst upwards from the plains of Suruga."

PERSONAL PORTRAITS—BY WALTER TITTLE.

ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK.

A MORNING train from Paddington slipped smoothly and quickly through London, arriving soon at the irregular and diminishing fringe of the suburbs, and into the beautiful country, that was rapidly taking on its robes of green under the potent inspiration of Easter sunshine. Numerous villages sped by, and a town or two; the visual climax of the journey being the comparatively scant view of the towers of Oxford that is afforded from the railway. About twenty miles further I descended from the train at Kingham. A tall man, who was evidently searching the crowd for a visitor, I judged rightly to be the first step toward my objective; Mr. Basil de Selincourt had come to the station to meet me.

He led me to a motor-car that stood just outside the gate—a new one, evidently, smart in the freshness of its finish. In response to my admiration of it, he said that it was a recent acquisition.

"We call it Alix," he smiled; "the new book made it possible."

Having recently read "The Little French Girl," falling completely under the spell of its principal character, the car took on an added brightness for me. I had confessed in a letter previously to Mrs. de Selincourt what an utter conquest I was to the charms of her little heroine, adding playfully that I would gladly sacrifice my bachelorhood, which I was coming to value less and less, for just such a girl if she could be so foolish and misguided as to accept me.

"I am so sorry that your visit here does not happen to coincide with hers," she laughed, when I met her a short time after in her house. "She will be our guest soon again. She comes to us quite often."

"Did she really marry Giles?" I asked.

"Oh, no; she is unmarried. She is only twenty," was the reply. "And of course the real Little French Girl only suggested Alix in her character—not at all in the circumstances of her life."

"It is just as well, doubtless, that I have missed her," I responded. "She is, probably, largely only the foundation upon which you have built your ideals, her charm depending principally on a strong infusion of yourself; and, besides, I would doubtless be to her young eyes only a curious person rapidly approaching middle age. So why court danger?"

This first glimpse of Anne Douglas Sedgwick realised fully the pictorial possibilities that had been promised me by mutual acquaintances in London. Rather small in stature, her delicate contours and colouring, with rosy skin, and prematurely white hair coiffed high, suggested a dainty figure of Viennese porcelain, or a lady from the fairyland of Watteau. My black-and-white medium was particularly inadequate to the tale I had to tell; I longed for colour and greater leisure with which to approach my task. The clarity and richness of her complexion was a proof of my theory of the miracles that can be worked upon transplanted Americans by the moist and comparatively sunless English climate. In her case the transformation had the advantage of an early start, as she left America at the age of nine. About ten years of her life have been spent in France, making possible the able analysis of the character and traditions of the French people that her writings reveal.

For several years, as a girl, she studied art, and from time to time the activity of my pencil brought from her an expression of yearnings to return again, for a while, to endeavours of that kind. A charming portrait sketch of her by that able artist, Cecelia Beaux, I noticed on the stairway, and other pictures on the walls betrayed her *penchant*.

Before luncheon I had a turn in the gardens

with her husband. The first of the spring flowers were appearing in profusion, and other carefully cultivated plots held promise of glories to come. The square house was most attractive, built as it was of the colourful stone of the Cotswolds; and the quiet little village near by owed much of its charm to the same beautiful material. I remarked to my host that a refuge such as theirs was what I most yearned for after years of a pillar-to-post existence—a place where work and recreation could be combined with a minimum of distraction. His reply was doubtless an accurate summary of the situation when he said that, after being accustomed to travel and much contact with people, I should probably find the life there a bit too quiet for my tastes. Yet I feel sure that I could safely chance it for quite a long time.



WALTER TITTLE'S PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR OF "THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL," AND OTHER POPULAR NOVELS: ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK (MRS. DE SELINCOURT).

"Our life here is very simple," said Mrs. de Selincourt later, "and were it not for the friends who come to us for the week-ends, and for my visits to London, we should tend to lose touch with the outside world. One cannot feel in a village of this sort that country life has altered much since the days when Trollope described it. One meets his types everywhere, and it is difficult sometimes to believe in the breakdown of old standards of morality and caste when one looks about one here. A very great interest in our lives is the Choral Society, which my husband conducts, and a Women's Institute flourishes."

During half of the time consumed by our sitting, Mrs. de Selincourt's Pomeranian, Kay, sat in her lap, posing as conscientiously as his mistress. A magnificent Persian cat also honoured us with his majestic presence. My sitter's love for these animals was evident, and their complete trust in her could be easily contrasted with their suspicious attitude toward the intruder who was sketching their mistress.

From Mr. de Selincourt I had the information that his wife is quite leisurely and thorough in her method of work, taking usually about a year and a half to write one of her novels. "The Little French Girl" was a quicker performance than usual, taking shape more readily, and was completed within twelve months.

"The Russians are my favourite novelists," she said to me, "Tolstoi standing out above all the others. Some people have said that my work is reminiscent of that of Henry James, but I have never been aware of having imitated him. Philosophy is my favourite study; birds my favourite pastime. That is a robin singing now."

"Is that a robin?" I asked. "I am ashamed to be so ignorant of birds; it does not sound at all like our American robin."

"Your robin is of an entirely different family from ours; it is really a blackbird with a red breast, and it is much larger and stronger than ours."

I heard another note. "That sounds like our robin," I said.

"Very much," was her reply. "That is the blackbird, his cousin. You have a great variety of birds in America; over fifty kinds of warblers, for instance. It must be wonderful."

I spoke of having heard once, in Somerset, what I was sure must have been a nightingale. The delicious sound had come to me in the blackness of the night, and, drowsy as I was, had the effect of some delicious and exotic sleep-producing incense.

"It must have been a nightingale," she replied. "If you hear one, there can be no mistake. One naturally knows that it can be nothing else. It is a modest-looking little bird, and very shy. I have much pleasure from my study of birds, but I have no sympathy with naturalists who kill them and collect them and their eggs as specimens. The Latins kill song-birds to eat, which I think is monstrous. To the list of interests that I have enumerated may be added a real passion of mine—the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

This utterance explained her objection to the American Rodeo exhibition that raised a considerable controversy at Wembley last year. She thought the steer-throwing cruel, but was equally positive in her denunciation of stag-hunting, badgering, and other forms of the chase. In connection with her objections to vivisection she told an amusing anecdote about Canon Wilberforce at a meeting of antivivisectionists, about twenty-five years ago. He told of being asked by a friend whether he would

agree to having a dog tortured to death to save the life of the person he loved most in the world. "I replied," said Canon Wilberforce, "that in such a crisis, to save her life, I would have the dog tortured, and you, and the whole College of Surgeons."

Twenty-two years have passed since Mrs. de Selincourt has visited the land of her birth. She would like to go, she said, not only to see the country and her friends there, but to have her husband see it for the first time.

"Yet," she said, "a visit would have its complications, in that my friends would probably misunderstand if I was unable to visit them all. And, by staying here in England they all eventually come to one, anyhow."

The sketch was completed, and, after a cup of tea, my host took me off to the station in the resplendent "Alix." A pleasant visit it had been, and I found in Anne Douglas Sedgwick a full explanation of the abundant charm that fills her writings.

WALTER TITTLE.

IN TURBULENT MAJESTY: NATURE UNCONTROLLED AT BURRIN JUCK DAM.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY S. AND G.



WHEN THE MURRUMBIDGEE RIVER ROSE OVER THIRTY-SIX FEET: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FLOOD WATERS RUSHING DOWN A SPILLWAY OF THE DAM.

On May 27 came the report from Wagga Wagga, New South Wales, that, owing to the torrential rains on the South Coast and Southern Tablelands, the Murrumbidgee River was in so dangerous a state of flood that there were grave fears for the safety of lives and stock. It was first known that the watershed was throwing a big volume of water into the Burrin Juck, and later came the

alarming news that water was flowing five feet deep over the spillway of the dam and rising rapidly. Then came a message that the river had risen over thirty-six feet at places and that the water was over the main dam wall. This was especially significant, for in the great flood of 1922 the river did not rise above a mark eleven inches below the top of the wall. On the 29th it was

[Continued opposite.]

A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH: RAGING AUSTRALIAN FLOOD-WATERS.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY S. AND G.



ROARING ITS WAY TO THE RIVER: THE FURIOUS TORRENT RUSHING DOWN A SPILLWAY OF THE BURRIN JUCK DAM DURING THE FLOODS OF MAY.

Continued.]

announced that Wagga Wagga was then in the midst of the swirling waters of the Murrumbidgee River, which, by nine o'clock in the morning of that day, had risen to thirty feet—ten feet above critical flood level—and was still rising. But there was also the more comforting statement that at Burrin Juck Dam there

had been a fall of thirteen feet in twenty-four hours. Despite the enormous strain it had to stand, the main wall of the dam was not damaged. The flooding of Wagga Wagga happened when the Murrumbidgee broke its banks at the north of FitzMaurice Street, one of the main business thoroughfares.



NATURE THE DESTROYER: THE FURY OF THE FLOOD WATERS AT THE BURRIN JUCK DAM.

This remarkably fine photograph, like those that precede it, was taken at the Burrin Juck Dam, in New South Wales, by a photographer suspended above the turbulent waters during the recent great floods. The river poured over the main wall of the dam, a significant fact, for during the big floods of 1922 the water did not rise above a mark 17 inches below the top of the wall.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY S. AND G.

ANTI-FOREIGN OUTBREAKS IN CHINA: DAMAGE DONE BY THE

MOB IN HANKOW: THE BRITISH CONCESSION UNDER GUARD.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED

BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



DAMAGE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE BRITISH CONCESSION: THE REMAINS OF A 10-FT. BOUNDARY WALL AND HOARDINGS ADVERTISING BRITISH PRODUCTS



HAMMERED TO SCRAP WITH IRON DRAIN-GRATINGS: CYCLES TAKEN FROM A SHOP INTO THE STREET AND WRECKED BY THE MOB.



WITH BARBED-WIRE PROTECTION: A NAVAL PICKET STATIONED AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE BRITISH CONCESSION IN HANKOW.



GUARDING A PROBABLE OBJECTIVE: A BRITISH NAVAL PICKET, MACHINE-GUNS AND SAND-BAGS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CUSTOM HOUSE.



WHERE VOLUNTEERS WATCHED THE ENTRANCE: AT THE WELL-GUARDED BRITISH CONCESSION, BARRICADED WITH SAND-BAGS.



ON THE QUI VIVE AT A RAILWAY SIDING: BRITISH VOLUNTEER MACHINE-GUNNERS KEEPING GUARD AT A VULNERABLE POINT AT HANKOW.



THE HAVOC WROUGHT IN A PORCELAIN-SHOP: THE STOCK BROKEN INTO FRAGMENTS AND THE PREMISES WRECKED—THE OWNER IN THE BACKGROUND.



WITH TINS OF INK (ON THE SHELVES) WHICH THE MOB USED AS MISSILES: THE DAMAGED STORE OF A SELLER OF PRINTERS' SUNDRIES.



AFTER THE MOB HAD PILLAGED IT: A HANKOW STREET WITH GOODS THROWN FROM THE LOOTED SHOPS SMASHED AND STREWN ABOUT, AND THE GROUND A CHAOS OF PAPER.



A POWERFUL FACTOR IN PUTTING A PERIOD TO THE RIOTERS' ACTIVITIES: AN ARMoured CAR, VOLUNTEERS AND A DOG.



VOLUNTEERS AT ANOTHER VULNERABLE SPOT: A HASTILY RAISED BARRICADE OF SAND-BAGS BY A RAILWAY CROSSING.

It was reported from Hankow on June 11 that, as a continuation of serious anti-foreign disturbances, in which Japanese had been killed and much damage had been done, rioters had attacked the British Volunteer armoury, and that, the use of the fire-hose having proved ineffective, it had been necessary to open machine-gun fire, with the result that eight persons had been killed and a number wounded. Chinese troops assisted in restoring order on that occasion. Indeed, the local Governor co-operated with the foreigners, and afterwards assumed responsibility for the protection of the Concessions, and warned all and sundry that disturbers of the peace would be executed. At the same time, he apologised for the killing and wounding of Japanese, and for the destruction of their property. The British sloop "Hollyhook" arrived on the 15th, and landed marines. The defence troops were then standing by. Early this month Sir John Jordan, President of the China Association, issued a statement in which he pointed-out that China is not an "open" country to foreigners. There are definite "Treaty Ports" and "Trade Marts" in which foreigners who are subjects or citizens of nations enjoying extra-territorial rights

may reside permanently and have business premises. Such foreigners are not subject to Chinese jurisdiction. "There are at the Treaty Ports areas set apart for the residence of foreigners. At two ports there is an 'international settlement,' and at five or six ports a 'concession' granted to one or other of the foreign nations. Shanghai is by far the most important of the Treaty ports. . . . The only other place where there is an 'international settlement' is Amoy. . . . At Canton, Hankow, Tientsin, Kinkiang, and Chinkiang, the conditions are different from Shanghai and Amoy. At these five places there are concessions set apart for foreign residence, which are administered by the authorities of the Powers to whom they are leased, but these authorities have nothing whatever to do with the government of the cities of Canton, Hankow, Tientsin, etc. These concessions are of moderate dimensions, and most of them are exclusively occupied by foreigners. At Canton the British concession comprises 44 acres of land: the area of the Hankow concession is 149 acres, and some of the others are much smaller. . . . During the past eighty years many millions of British capital have been invested in China, and a big trade built up."

SEETHING "TRAFFIC" AT THE JUNCTION OF OCEAN CURRENTS.

The Pacific "a Fertile Valley"; the Atlantic "a Desert."

By Professor WILLIAM BEEBE, Leader of the New York Zoological Society's Expedition in the "Arcturus," and Author of "Galapagos, World's End," etc.

The following instalment of Professor Beebe's illustrated articles, on the scientific voyage of the "Arcturus," supplied specially to this paper, precedes chronologically that given in our issue of June 27, which was printed first for convenience of make-up. Previous instalments of the series appeared in our numbers of March 7, April 11, and June 20. In the Atlantic the expedition has visited the Sargasso Sea, and in the Pacific the Galapagos Islands and the waters of the Humboldt Current.

ABOARD THE "ARCTURUS" IN THE PACIFIC.

NO greater contrast can be imagined than that between the experiences of the *Arcturus* in the Atlantic and in the Pacific. In terrestrial comparison, it was like going from the desert into the fertile valley. We had tossed about in the North Atlantic for six weeks, rolling almost unceasingly in great swells that added trying complications to the sufficiently difficult work of handling bulky trawls and dredges. While we obtained many extraordinary forms of life in the area known as the Sargasso Sea, the number of specimens seemed few compared with the hours of labour involved, and it appeared to be the wrong season for the fauna of this region. We decided to take up the work that we had planned to do in the Pacific, and return to the Atlantic in the summer, when conditions would be more propitious.

On March 28 we made the transit of the Panama Canal and prepared to investigate the life of that part of the Pacific which, though on the Equator, is traversed in a northerly direction by the cold Antarctic stream known as the Humboldt Current. This is a reversal of conditions brought about by the Gulf Stream, and is responsible for many paradoxical facts, such as the presence of those Antarctic creatures, penguins, living and thriving under the intense heat of the equatorial sun.

On the third morning of our Pacific voyage we woke at dawn to an amazing sight. Stretching to the horizon, a narrow line of foam zigzagged across the placid sea, with spouting white-caps shooting up through the froth that marked the meeting-place of two great ocean currents, presumably the Mexican and the South Equatorial. These two streams within the sea, wider than any rivers in the world, bore along a vast population, and at their junction the traffic was more seething than at the intersection of any human thoroughfares.

Bits of floating wreckage abounded, and each was a focal point for a hundred different sorts of animal. Schools of fish lurked in the shadow cast by plank or log, the smallest ones nearest the centre, where they darted about snatching off the barnacles, worms and crabs that clung to every inch of the sodden wood. Working out toward the periphery of the circle, the predatory fish increased in size, feeding now upon their smaller fellows, until the maximum was reached in the swift-gliding dolphin fish, five or six feet long, whose green and gold scales gleamed dazzlingly as they dashed in and out in cannibalistic raids.

On many such pieces of flotsam perched gannets of two or three species, too gorged with easily obtained food to rise even when the *Arcturus* almost brushed their resting places. Here and there birds rode the small swells, quite unconcerned about the

in gathering specimens. In the Atlantic we had been accustomed to drag our tow-nets just under the surface for an hour or two, in order to gather a moderate amount of plankton. Here fifteen minutes of towing was ample to fill the fine silk nets and the bottles tied at the ends of them with such a mass of organisms that the mere matter of sorting them was the work of hours.

Under the term "plankton" is included all those forms of life, mostly small in size, which drift to and fro in the oceans wherever the currents carry them. Many kinds of crustaceans, both adult and larval, the myriad species of jellyfish and tunicates, larval fishes, single-celled animals, certain molluscs—these and others are classed as plankton, since they swim, but not strongly enough to go counter to the currents. Where plankton is abundant, there will the fish be plentiful, as the smaller ones feed upon the tiny drifting organisms, and are in turn fed upon by larger fish, the circle being completed when one of the big marauders dies and furnishes food, not only for his former victims, but for the minute creatures that he would have disdained as nourishment.

In the Atlantic we had been worried constantly by the fear that the plunging of the ship, as she wallowed in the huge swells, would put an unbearable strain on the trailing nets. Here in the Pacific we had a summer sea, day after day, with hardly a ripple to disturb us as we used our varied paraphernalia. This ranges from small surface nets made of the finest silk to huge cumbersome dredges of rope on heavy iron frames. Between these two come trawls of various sizes and shapes for sweeping the waters between the surface and the great depths or bottom. Our forward deck is completely given over to the machinery necessary to the handling of all the types of net with which

we dip into the mysteries of the sea—winches, drums, automatic towing devices, booms, blocks and tackle. An iron framework with a rail waist-high around it can be raised and lowered on the bow, so that one can stand a foot or two above the water and with dip-net or harpoon secure specimens at close range.

This platform, which resembles the pulpit that is used for catching swordfish, was a favourite spot while we lay in the strange current rip. The sea was so smooth that we could lower it to the very water level with no more danger than that of getting wet feet now and then. Small boats were put over, and some of the staff rowed about, pulling in pieces of wreckage with their swarms of living cargo, and scooping for the elusive fishes that lurked under the shadows cast by the boats. From the stern of the ship heavy lines were baited for sharks and dolphin fish; and on the long boom that projects amidships there were enthusiasts waiting for opportunities to use the harpoon guns.

An extraordinary feature of this uncharted zoologist's paradise was the narrowness of its limits and the sharpness with which those limits were defined. A few yards on either side of the line of foam the water was comparatively barren of life, yet the line itself seethed with billions of

[Continued on page 138.]



TAKEN IN MID-PACIFIC, WHERE TWO UNITED OCEAN CURRENTS SWEEP ALONG A MASS OF TEEMING LIFE: A PAILFUL OF PLANKTON—TINY SURFACE CREATURES INCLUDING FISH, JELLY-FISH, AND SEA-SNAILS.

fins of sharks that cruised leisurely around them. Only when the enormous phenomenon of our ship bore straight down upon them could they summon



IN MID-ATLANTIC, A "DESERT" COMPARED WITH THE PACIFIC AS REGARDS MARINE LIFE: PROFESSOR BEEBE AND MEMBERS OF THE "ARCTURUS" SCIENTIFIC STAFF, INCLUDING SEVERAL WOMEN, EXAMINING A HAUL OF SPONGES.—[Photographs Exclusive to "The Illustrated London News."]

energy to flap their well-fed bodies from under her forging bow.

For two days the *Arcturus* drifted in this fertile territory, while every waking moment was occupied

of its limits and the sharpness with which those limits were defined. A few yards on either side of the line of foam the water was comparatively barren of life, yet the line itself seethed with billions of

“FLOWERS THAT THEIR GAY WARDROBE WEAR.”



OUT OF "MY SKETCH-BOOK": BY ERNEST H. SHEPARD.

The grace and charm of the work of Ernest H. Shepard must be very well known to our readers, for they have become familiar with them not only in "The Illustrated London News," but in our sister paper, the "Sketch." The daintiness of the artist's creations is always evident, and he allies to his fine craftsmanship a sense of colour and a sense of humour that are as invaluable as they are rare in combination. Nothing could be better of its kind than the illustration we are enabled to reproduce here, by courtesy of the "Sketch," which has placed it upon the cover of its new Summer Annual, "The Sketch Book," knowing full well that

it serves as a most admirable introduction to a very fascinating number. It introduces, in fact, the work of a number of distinguished and entertaining people—Ghilchick, Barribal, Wm. Caine, among the artists who contribute colour-plates; H. M. Bateman, J. A. Shepherd, W. Heath Robinson, G. L. Stampa, Arthur Watts, Alfred Leete, Bert Thomas, A. Wallis Mills, and René Bull, amongst those who contribute black-and-white drawings; Alan Kemp, Keble Howard, Victor MacClure, and Ben Travers, amongst the writers of short stories; and Nelson Jackson and Robert K. Risk amongst the writers of poems.

Your unseen health eye

*Mother—
the health doctor*



Mothers know dirt for what it is—and fear it.

They will not tolerate dirty schools, dirty streets, dirty homes or dirty children.

Lifebuoy Soap is one of the most widely used soaps in the world because mothers appreciate its scientific protection against the dangers of dirt.

Mothers know that Lifebuoy lather goes down deep into every pore, and removes impurities. They know that Lifebuoy keeps the skin soft, pliable, and glowing with health—that it is bland, pure and soothing to the tenderest skin—even that of a baby.



OUR bodies were meant to be healthy, but we never understand what health means until disease robs us of it. A healthy body fights disease, but the danger of infection is always present. There comes a time when resistance weakens—when the children are “off colour,” or you yourself get run down. Then the germs strike.

Science has given us an everyday protection—thorough cleanliness with Lifebuoy Soap. A well-known health authority has said that if everyone cleansed the hands thoroughly two or three times a day, the danger of epidemics would be considerably lessened.

You can't see germs

No one can see the germs of disease with the naked eye. Yet you touch things every day covered with them; you meet and talk with people every day who are very likely

carrying the germ of some infectious disease. You can't see the microbes, but the deep and penetrating health element in Lifebuoy Soap is your health eye.

This Lifebuoy health element goes deep down in the pores of the skin, ridding them of all impurities. It is the everyday defence against disease and dirt.

A clear duty

You owe it to yourself and all with whom you come in daily contact to protect yourself from disease. Mothers, the family health doctors, know all this. In the bathroom, at every wash-basin, they set a tablet of Lifebuoy, to be used regularly by everybody—old and young. Their home cleaning is done with Lifebuoy, too. Get the Lifebuoy health habit. Buy Lifebuoy in the *new pack*, two large cakes in each carton. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.

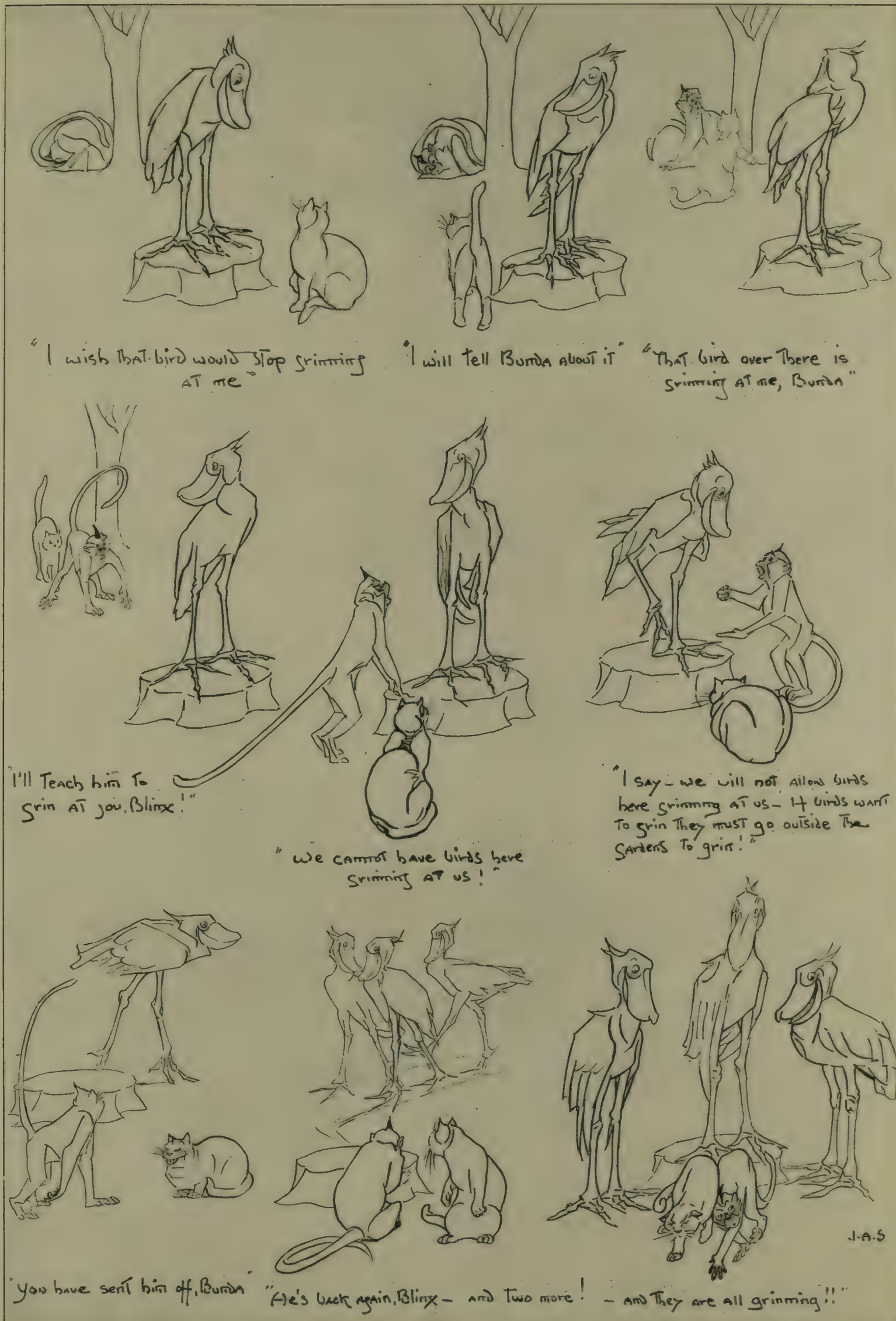
*Buy Lifebuoy in the new
pack, two large cakes
in a carton*



**Lifebuoy Soap
for HEALTH**

BLINX AND BUNDA: A TOUR ROUND THE "ZOO."—No. XIX.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



BLINX AND BUNDA MEET THE BIRD WITH THE UNFORTUNATE SMILE—AND ARE MORE GRINNED AGAINST THAN GRINNING!

Like their human superiors, Blinx and Bunda enjoy making fun of others much better than being made fun of themselves. So when Blinx encountered the Shoebill—who, together with his perpetual smile, has the imposing family name of Baloeniceps Rex, and seems altogether a

snob—he was huffed, and complained to Bunda. And when Bunda said a few strong words in the right manner, off went the supercilious bird. But only to return at once with two companions, whose smiles were, if possible, worse!—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

NOW that the London season draws towards its close, and the world that amuses itself begins to turn from urban to rural amusements, it is appropriate to consider two books that deal in differing degrees with country life and sport. Though neither of them is written in the spirit of the *laudator temporis acti*, both comment on the fact that "the old order changeth, yielding place to new." When our own much-chronicled days have become "the good old days," I wonder what the social historian of the future will have to say about us.



BRONZES SOLD FOR 1600 GUINEAS, AT THE COOK SALE: A PAIR OF SIXTEENTH-CENTURY VENETIAN ANDIRONS. (39 IN. HIGH.)

The figures are Venus and Mars.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.

I do not envy him his task, if he is conscientious—there is such a thing as having too much material! It will, in fact, need an army of historians to sift the mountains of detail that continue to accumulate in books of reminiscence and anecdote. The trouble is that they are all more or less interesting, but there are limits to our powers of assimilating literary pabulum.

There is certainly a great deal that is interesting in 'THE ENGLISH COUNTRY GENTLEMAN,' by the Hon. Neville Lytton—with Twelve Illustrations (Hurst and Blackett; 18s. net)—though the interest is not altogether of the kind to be expected. The reason is that the author has a genius for digression, and keeps wandering off the main track into all sorts of fascinating by-paths. Every now and then he remembers the direction in which he set out, and makes laudable efforts to return to it, but these attempts grow weaker as he roams further afield. I am far from grumbling at the result, being a bit of a vagabond myself, and my only criticism (apart from the fact that the book is plentifully peppered with misprints) is that its discursive character might have been indicated in its title.

At the outset Mr. Lytton tells how he came to choose his subject. "The voice of the tempter was heard saying 'Why don't you write a book on the English country gentleman? The squire of the old school is becoming extinct, for the war and post-war taxation have compelled him to abandon his ancestral acres. It is a watershed in history. The year 1914 marks the end of a period; after 1918 there has been nothing but chaos, out of which a new form of life will evolve, but, before it is too late, write some sort of memoir or account of the country life of your youth.'"

The suggestion, it will be noted, was towards personal recollection rather than historical research, and on those lines it was followed up. At the same time Mr. Lytton offers many valuable generalisations and shrewd forecasts. He is, indeed, more stimulating when he is prophetic than when he is retrospective. "What is typical of our age," he writes, "is the disappearance of feudalism. I sincerely believe that it will never return. . . . The squire of the future must retain a large portion of the great tradition to which he is heir, and he must show whether he can carry on on a sovietic instead of a feudal basis." Describing an actual experiment in "sovietic" squirearchy in England, he says: "In this household each member is considered as part of one society. . . . For the better welfare of the children there is no nursery, and, for the better welfare of the servants, there are no servants' quarters. The best room in the house is the kitchen, and here, as a rule, the whole household foregathers—monsieur, madame, all the babies, and the servants. The servants have a separate table; that is the only

distinction. They enjoy the same food, and, to a large extent, the same conversation." It sounds like a return to the old mediæval plan, where the retainers sat at their master's table, but "below the salt."

At a festive occasion conducted on "sovietic" lines in this house, one of Mr. Lytton's fellow-guests was a Russian lady who had gone through the Revolution in Russia, and had suffered torture and mutilation. "As she wished me good-night, she said, 'When, and if ever, a revolution happens in England, and the people rise against their rulers, the farmers and peasants of this estate will defend their landlord to their last drop of blood.'" Mr. Lytton adds: "A revolution will never come so long as men of wealth and position regard their power as a sacred trust, to be used only for the good of the poor. The squires of the future will have to work to gain sufficient income to be able to maintain an estate. The old idea that an estate can provide a sufficient income to maintain a squire has vanished for ever." Later he says: "If the squire and village life generally are to survive there must be fundamental changes. As years go by and education improves, it is not to be supposed that the peasant of the future will be satisfied with a pot of beer as his sole amusement; he will want music and drama and painting and recreations, just the same as the rich man. . . . We come back to the idea that I have propounded before, which is that parish patriotism is the only logical form of patriotism, and is the hope of the future. Thomas Hardy and John Masefield have already realised this, and are creating centres of local culture. The squires and the parsons of the future must copy their example, and make of their villages a new Athens or a new Rome."

Such ideas suggest a new application of the old Latin writer's comment on the decline of the Roman Empire—*latifundia perdidere Italiam* (great estates ruined Italy)—a fragment that recurs to me out of a remote classical youth. If our great estates break up into many little Romes, each with its local patriotism, perhaps the British Empire may be saved from falling, and even decline to decline! Mr. Lytton favours universal free trade and abolition of frontiers. "The country would no longer be the unit of patriotism, but the parish or the county, and surely *l'amour du clocher* is the only patriotism worth fighting for." The language difficulty he would overcome by having every child in the world taught two languages, "his own and one other, which should be the universal language of business, travel, and diplomacy," and for this universal language he proposes—Spanish.

As a man who served in the war, Mr. Lytton can claim a hearing on the subject. "What else is this fostering of fictitious patriotism," he asks, "but stupidity? What use is there in modern warfare? In the Great War surely greater human qualities were shown by the young men than have ever been seen before in the course of history, and yet what have the old men—the peace-makers—made of this glorious harrowing? What harvest have they reaped? Nothing. . . . What is best in every race has been burnt up in the fire of battle."

These extracts have shown that Mr. Lytton's book contains the opinions of a country gentleman on things in general. He is primarily a painter—his own work figures in the illustrations—and he has much to say about art; but he ranges at large over many other themes, such as religion, education, love and marriage, property and primogeniture, justice, capital punishment, sports and games, including the Olympic Games. He concludes with memoirs of "two specimens of the squire class," who were, however, admittedly not typical—namely, his father-in-law, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, poet and anti-Imperialist, and his sister, Lady Constance Lytton, the well-known suffragist.

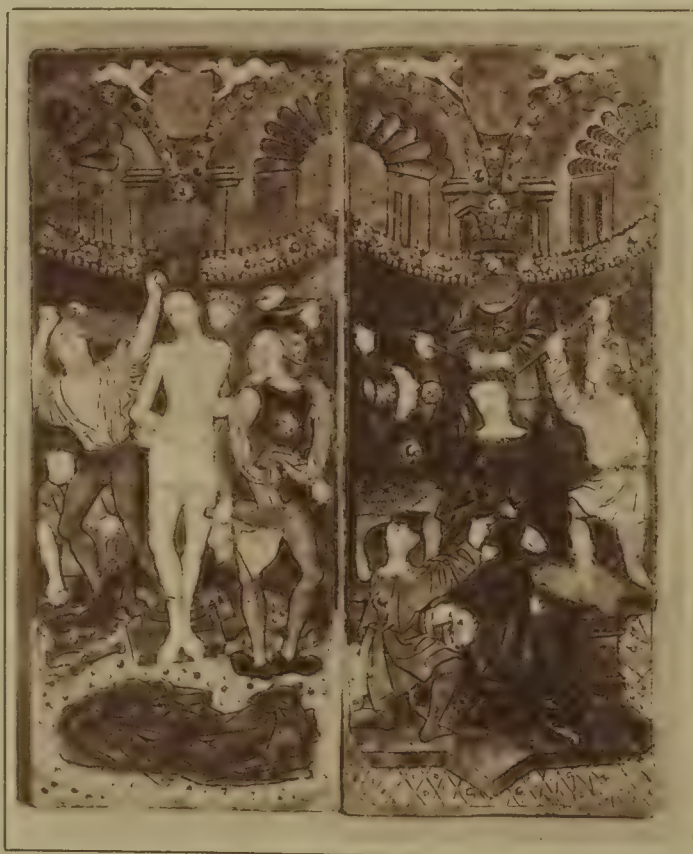
It is the most popular of the English country gentleman's sports, the popularity of which Mr. Lytton ascribes to our national love of horses and dogs, that forms the link between his book and the next—"FOX-HUNTING IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY," by William Scarth Dixon. Illustrated. (Hurst and Blackett; 21s. net.) Mr. Lytton touches lightly on the ethics of hunting, as when he calls it "a noble, honourable sport, primitive in its cruelty and justifiable on account of the proportion of danger that is incurred by the hunter," and remarks that "the fox is a

hunter, and therefore it is poetic justice that he should meet his death by being hunted." Mr. Scarth Dixon takes all that for granted, and regards the matter from the standpoint of practical public advantage. "Hunting," he writes, "is something much more than an amusement. An amusement is here to-day and gone to-morrow—a game like ping-pong, good enough to pass an idle hour. Hunting is a matter of national importance. . . . Memory is apt to grow short in these hurrying days, and I would remind my readers, lest they forget, that it was the British cavalry which stopped the last German advance and turned that advance into a rout." At the same time, he sees a subjective moral value in the pursuit. "The hunting man is more at home with Nature than any other sportsman. . . . It strengthens his character and enables him to throw away the inertia and more or less undesirable luxuries of a town life. He is—for part of his time, at any rate—face to face with the eternal verities."

Mr. Scarth Dixon has similarly considered the changed conditions of the country. "The break-up of the large estates," he says, "and the practical retirement of so many men of old family from participation in country life, has had a very serious effect. . . . It is very easy to criticise the newcomers, but is it always fair? . . . From what I have seen of them in a great many cases they err quite unconsciously. When there is a good pack of hounds in the neighbourhood, however, things smooth themselves out wonderfully. The newcomers patronise the sport more or less, and this brings the countryside together. . . . The value of a good pack of hounds is immense, and promotes the well-being of farmers, tradesmen, and the working classes in a way which no outsider could credit." The author points out what widespread distress and unemployment would ensue from the discontinuance of hunting, which narrowly escaped extinction through the war.

For the rest, Mr. Scarth Dixon has much excellent advice for the new type of hunting man, especially on his relations with farmers and the organisation of hunt committees, as well as on minor matters of dress and etiquette, together with some straight talk to motorists on the subject of road courtesy and consideration for hunting requirements. There are interesting chapters also on horse and hound breeding, shows, and riding. One in praise of hunting on foot had a particular appeal for me, as it recalled old times at Uppingham when, with other boys, I followed hounds across country, and visited the Cottesmore kennels.

In the second part of his book, Mr. Scarth Dixon summarises the history of all the English and Scottish hunts during the last ten years, including particulars of their



LIMOGES ENAMELS SOLD FOR 1250 GUINEAS, AT THE COOK SALE: PLAQUES BY NARDON PENICAUD, OF ABOUT 1500 (11 IN. BY 4½ IN.)

These probably formed the wings of a triptych. The figure subjects are taken from one of the German engravings of the end of the fifteenth century.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.

point-to-point races. It seems curious that his dedication to the late Duke of Beaufort, expressing a hope that "we shall both see fox-hunting flourish," should have been allowed to remain as originally worded, without reference to the fact that the Duke died last November.—C. E. B.

THREE DISHES, A PLATE, A JAR—5930 GUINEAS: FINE MAJOLICA WARE.



SOLD FOR 1150 GUINEAS: A CAFFAGIOLO PLATE OF ABOUT THE YEAR 1515 (10½ IN. DIAMETER).



SOLD FOR 980 GUINEAS: A CAFFAGIOLO DISH, DATED 1514 (16 IN. DIAMETER).



SOLD FOR 1350 GUINEAS: A DERUTA DISH OF ABOUT THE YEAR 1500 (19½ IN. DIAMETER).



SOLD FOR 1450 GUINEAS: A GUBBIO DISH, PROBABLY BY GIORGIO ANDREOLI, ABOUT 1530 (15½ IN. DIAMETER).



SOLD FOR 1000 GUINEAS: A FAENZA PHARMACY JAR OF ABOUT 1470-80 (10½ IN. HIGH; 7½ IN. DIAMETER).

One of the finest and most representative collections of Italian majolica ware came under the hammer last week at Christie's, when there were sold 129 lots, which fetched, in all, £28,071 7s. These pieces, the property of Mr. Humphrey W. Cook, had formerly comprised portions of the wonderful collection of objects of art of the Middle Ages and Renaissance got together by his grandfather, the late Sir Francis Cook, Bt. The highest price reached at the sale of the majolica was that of 1450 guineas given for Lot 20, the Gubbio dish shown above. This

beautiful piece is painted with the Judgment of Paris, after the drawing by Raphael, engraved by Marc Antonio Raimondi in 1510. The next highest price, 1350 guineas, was paid for the Deruta dish illustrated. One of the most striking items was the pharmacy jar shown. It is especially interesting for its portraits of a youth and girl in the costume of the fifteenth century. The letter "H" on the Caffagiolo dish dated 1514 denotes its place in the sequence. The dish lettered "I" is in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

OUR Queen will doubtless be glad when Goodwood calls her to the country, and later to the Solent. In many ways it has been a trying season, although by no means the brilliant one that some would have it, save for the weather, which has been good. Her Majesty has done a great deal, and, with two garden parties to finish with, must be tired, for the Queen does not spare herself. Her Ladies-in-Waiting, after



A delightful hat for seaside and country fashioned of white ribbon and straw. It hails from Henry Heath's, 105, Oxford Street, W. (See page 132.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELWIN NEAME.

several hours at Wembley, feeling themselves very tired, marvel at her Majesty's endurance and continued interest, which she never allows to flag even at the close of a six hours' visit. Their Majesties' visit to Scotland has been eagerly anticipated, and the Queen is always intensely interested in Holyrood.

Sir Richard and Lady Muriel Paget are having two of their three girls married. The eldest is engaged to a son of Sir John and Lady Chancellor. The second daughter, Miss Pamela Paget, is now engaged to Lord Glenconner, one of the handsomest of our young Peers. Until he succeeded his father in 1920 he was in the Navy, and he is now twenty-six. His elder brother was killed in action in 1916. The youngest member of the family, the Hon. Stephen Tennant, is a clever artist, and had a one-man show when he was about eighteen. Their mother, who is a daughter of the late Hon. Percy Scawen Wyndham, and inherited good looks and talents from that family, is now Viscountess Grey of Fallodon. Lord Glenconner's only sister is the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Tennyson. The bride-elect is a very pretty girl, and as nice as pretty.

Lady Muriel Paget is one of the British women of whom we have good reason to be proud, not only for the work she has done in Jugo-Slavia, Slovakia, and other small new kingdoms, but for the good work she has always done at home. She is the twelfth Earl of Winchilsea's only daughter, and is cousin to Viscount Maidstone. Her mother was a Harcourt of Nuneham. She is a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and has the O.B.E. Her girls are, like herself, charming, thoughtful for others, innocent of lipstick or rouge, very good to look at, and have delightful manners. The men who have them for wives will be lucky in these days, when so many of our girls want the freedom of married ladies without responsibilities.

There was no smarter, more dapper, and soldierly looking man at Lady Wavertree's tennis exhibition matches than the Duke of Connaught. Shepherd's plaid trousers—"sponge-bag" in the vernacular—a short black coat, and a pale grey bowler hat with very curly brims, was what the Duke wore, and his bearing and movements were those of a man of thirty. Prince Arthur, whose eyes are very like the Duke's, looks more like his brother than his son. Princess Arthur on that occasion was wearing a very pretty dress of palest pastel-pink with a suspicion of mauve in it, the skirt part pleated, and the yoke embroidered in écriu. Her Royal Highness has not yet succumbed to the large-hat fashion, and wore a neat small one exactly matching her dress in colour. Her sunshade

was also *en suite*, and she looked a very pretty little Princess. Her sister-in-law, Lady Patricia Ramsay, is a contrasting type and a beautiful woman. Her dress was of cream-coloured lace, the design in it outlined with gold thread. There was a girdle of pale brown, and a large black hat was worn, with black leaves veined and edged with gold up one side. Lady Maud Carnegie was in straw-coloured silk lace, the folds held slightly up at one side under a motif embroidered in Oriental reds and yellows. A small hat was worn of tabac brown finished with swathed ribbons of russet and straw colour. There were many people of our most distinguished circles, and all waited to see the great Suzanne, who, although she had played in the doubles at Wimbledon, came and



An invaluable item of the holiday wardrobe is this distinctive frock of striped washing silk, which is ideal for all sports. It may be studied at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W. (See page 132.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO.

played to aid invalid children, as did so many other tennis celebrities.

Queen Marie of Rumania is visiting her sister, the Infanta Beatrice of Spain, at her house at Esher. The Infanta, a very pretty and fascinating woman, who dresses charmingly, is Queen Marie of Rumania's youngest sister. She was a great favourite with her mother, the late Duchess of Edinburgh. Unlike her sisters, whose marriages were arranged for them by that clever lady, the Infanta chose for herself, and married a cousin of the King of Spain. Both were in temporary disgrace, and spent some time on the island of Brownsea, lent to them by the mother of Lady Howard de Walden. The Infanta told her friends that she wanted no children unless they were boys, and she has only boys, who are being brought up English boys.

Sir J. Vansittart Bowater, M.P. for the City of London, is engaged to be married to the widow of Mr. A. Coysgarne Sim. The bride-to-be is a very

clever little lady with a daughter who married Sir Walter Gilbey's only surviving son, and has a son now about twelve. Mrs. Coysgarne-Sim is very musical, and with her daughter has taken part in many amateur theatricals. Sir Vansittart Bowater is a widower, and has four sons and two daughters. Three of the former are married; only the third has a son. The younger daughter is the wife of Mr. Norman Kerr Salmon, M.C. Sir Vansittart was Lord Mayor of London, 1913-14, and was created a Baronet. The wedding is to take place very quietly next month. The new Lady Bowater will be a notable recruit to City hostesses.

Lady Salisbury is a hostess of the old school. When the Duke and Duchess of York were her guests for the reception she held for Overseas visitors, her house was a bower of flowers sent up from Hatfield. Marchioness of Salisbury carnations—lovely pink ones raised at Hatfield, and securing awards—were used to decorate the round tables at which the royal and some other very distinguished guests had supper. There are some family portraits in the town house; most of them are at Hatfield. Lady Salisbury wore a black-and-gold brocade dress, and beautiful diamonds. There were some picturesque Indian and other Oriental potentates among the guests, numbering over six hundred. Overseas guests are being well fêted; a garden party in Eccleston Square by the Victoria League has taken place. The Duke and Duchess of York's evening party at St. James's Palace on the 17th, and a Government party that same afternoon at Hampton Court, will almost finish the season's hospitality to them, although I believe that many invitations have been issued to them for the two royal garden parties.

The return of the Duke of Devonshire to town after his illness is a great pleasure to all who know him and who know of him. He is a typical British nobleman, partiotic, steady in his political views, always ready to serve his country, and an example to all in the simplicity of his life and love of his home. In the Duchess he has a fitting counterpart. Owing to his illness, she has taken no part in the season's doings, but has been in attendance on the Queen on the few State occasions of this season, and will be again at the royal garden parties. Lady Anne Cavendish, the youngest member of the family, will be sixteen next month, and Lord Charles will be twenty-one. The Duchess of Devonshire was born at Dereen, Lord



This shady Panama from Henry Heath's is swathed with a scarf of printed marocain introducing tints of gold and orange. (See page 132.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELWIN NEAME.

Lansdowne's beautiful place in Kerry, now almost rebuilt after being burnt down in the Irish troublous times.

The Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett, Miss Phyllis Dare, and Miss Ivy St. Helier did better than they bargained for when they sold Meltis Chocolates at the Theatrical Garden Party. Overheard at another party: "I have sent for Meltis chocolates for our children's party; those I got at the Theatrical Garden Party were so very excellent." A. E. L.

BUCHANAN'S



BY APPOINTMENT



"BLACK & WHITE"



"BUCHANAN'S LIQUEUR"

THE RING OF NESTOR

(Continued from Page 112.)

butterfly, *Pieris brassicae*, or an allied species. The idea that butterflies are departed spirits is common the world over, but there is evidence that this belief has attached itself in a particular way to white butterflies or moths.

There is, however, also abundant evidence that other kinds of butterflies, especially those showing eyes on their wings, were also associated with departed spirits in prehistoric Greece and Crete. Of special interest was the discovery in the third shaft-grave at Mycenæ of a gold balance, the scales of which (Fig. 2. B.) showed embossed figures of eyed butterflies with indented wings—a kind of combination of the Peacock and Comma butterfly—conveying an evident allusion to the widespread idea of the weighing of souls. With them were also found gold plates cut out in butterfly form (Fig. 3. A.), and pendent objects in which we may recognise rude representations of chrysalises (Fig. 3. B. and C.) The Goddess on the ring must have presided at some such judgment by weighing, and the particular relation in which she stands to the young couple shown in the next compartment seems to invest her with some power of calling the just to new life beyond the grave.

THE MEETING IN THE WORLD BEYOND.

In this compartment we see, in profile, a youth whose long locks fall behind his shoulders and over his breast, girt with the usual Minoan loin-clothing, and with traces of footgear, but otherwise naked, standing in front of a woman with his visible arm half raised as in the act of greeting her. The lady herself raises both hands in a much more accentuated attitude of surprise and delight, as of one who had seen her spouse unexpectedly restored to her.

The attitudes and gestures are so natural and speaking as only to admit of one obvious interpretation. We see here, reunited by the life-giving power of the Goddess, symbolised by the chrysalises and butterflies, a young couple whom death had parted; and of whom the female personage was clearly the earlier to reach the Underworld. The scene may best be interpreted as the permanent reunion of a wedded pair by the divine grace in the Land of the Blest, rather than an attempt like that of Orpheus to rescue Eurydice from the shades, or the all too

brief respite that Protesilaos was allowed for his visit to Laodamia.

But in each case the dramatic moment where one of a loving pair rejoins the other in another world itself largely corresponds, and the spouse on the ring might exclaim with Wordsworth's Laodamia—

No spectre greets me, no vain Shadow this;
Come, blooming hero, place thee by my side,
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss
To me, this day a second time thy bride!

THE GUARDIAN LION AND THE GRIFFIN'S COURT.

On the other side of the upper part of the trunk of the "Tree of the World" from that by which the young couple stand, we see the Lion Guardian of the Underworld, couched on a bench in vigilant repose, and tended by the two little handmaidens of the Goddess.

In the lowest row, which forms a single composition, though divided by the trunk, the young couple reappear in what seems to be a scene of initiation. On the extreme right, in front of a standing figure, in whom we may again recognise the Goddess herself, another of her guardian monsters, a winged griffin of the Minoan type—the incarnation of swiftness and piercing vision—is seated on a kind of throne. In front of him are griffin ladies, two of whom have been deputed to present the young couple at the "Griffin's Court," while one warns off a youth to the left as unworthy of such initiation.

Thus, the entire composition of the designs on this remarkable signet-ring connects itself in a single story, divided, as has been shown, into four successive episodes—the Goddess seated with her companion, and her life-giving emblems; the reunited couple; the lion guardian tended by the handmaidens of the divinity; and the "Griffin's Court," representing a ceremony of initiation. It gives us our first real insight into the pre-Hellenic eschatology, and is the first glimpse that we possess into the World Beyond as conceived by the Minoans.

There is no gloom about the picture; the human figures are not mere shadows or half-skeletons, but real flesh and blood, and moved by very human emotions. Surprise, joy, affection, and encouragement are alternately suggested, and we see the advancing pair caught with the spirit of the dance, as if unseen music filled the background. The Goddess and her handmaidens and the ministering griffin-ladies show the same vivacity of gesture-language with truly dramatic touches in the action displayed. All alike wear fashionable raiment, reflecting the latest modes, and the imagination is left free to fill in the

bright colouring. We have here an abode rather of light than of darkness, and, indeed, as has already been remarked, the shady canopy above the lion's head presupposes light and warmth.

The evident dependence of the intaglio design on a pictorial model, coupled with the singular correspondence shown in the fashion of the dress, as well as the pose and gestures of the figures, with those of the contemporary class of "miniature frescoes," so well illustrated at Knossos, suggested to me the desirability of an attempt to translate back the composition before us into its original form and colouring as a painted panel. Happily, in M. E. Gilliéron *filis*, I had at hand not only a competent artist, but one whose admirable studies of Minoan art in all its branches had thoroughly imbued him with its spirit. M. Gilliéron, to whom the enlarged drawing of the original subject given in Fig. 8 is also due, executed under my superintendence the coloured drawing reproduced on page 113 of this paper. We have here, indeed, the echo of a Minoan masterpiece, anticipating by over eleven centuries the celebrated painting by Polygnotos of Odysseus in Hades in the Lesche at Delphi.

One of the most interesting and important events in the annals of British shipbuilding and marine engineering took place at Belfast on July 7 with the launch, from Harland and Wolff's East Yard, of the Royal Mail passenger motor liner *Asturias* (22,000 gross tons). With the novel features introduced into her design, and the fact that she is the largest and most powerful motor vessel in the world (with her two Harland B. and W. eight-cylinder double-acting motors), the *Asturias* will be the pioneer of a new class of vessel, thanks to the enterprise of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. Her four-cycle, double-acting motors are the largest marine Diesel engines ever constructed, and the 20,000-h.p. developed will be delivered on two shafts, thus necessitating no departure from the normal twin-screw arrangement. Intended for the South American trade, the vessel's principal dimensions are: length, 655 ft. 8 in.; breadth, 78 ft.; and depth, 45 ft. As a passenger motor ship, the *Asturias* will be unrivalled on the South Atlantic route. Accommodation on a luxurious scale will be provided for 1740 passengers and crew. The vessel has a straight stem and cruiser stern, and there are eleven water-tight bulkheads dividing it into twelve compartments; and the double-bottom is continuous fore and aft.

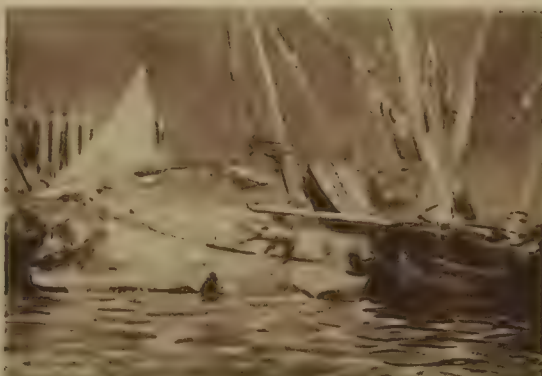
IMPORTANT PICTURES AND DRAWINGS

OF THE LATE

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Little Ronnie in infancy was weak and ailing. He is now strong and healthy.

"Nobody thought," writes his mother, "that I should rear him. He was very weak and would not eat anything. One day I gave him 'Ovaltine' as a trial, and after a week or so I saw a great improvement. He is now a fine child and I am sending you his photograph so that you can see what a bonny boy 'Ovaltine' has made him."

"Ovaltine" is indispensable for growing children. It combines in an easily digested form those vital food essentials in which the daily dietary of many children is so often lacking. One cup of "Ovaltine" is equal in food value to three eggs.

Taken at night "Ovaltine" ensures sound, natural sleep. Morning finds the children fresh, clear-eyed and full of vitality.

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Fashions and Fancies.

Preparations for Goodwood.

During the next week everyone will be busily engaged in completing their toilettes for Goodwood. Dresses have been bought long ago, but there are new last-minute touches which make all the difference to a perfect ensemble. The latest gloves boast large gauntlets of imitation tapestry work or of leather gaily painted with quaint animal mascots. Matching these are the little figures adorning flat envelope-shaped handbags, and the same amusing emblems are to be found perched on the handles of tiny sunshades of chiffon and taffetas.

Summer Frocks of Washing Silk.

In these practical days it is superfluous to travel with many trunks carrying a different dress for each occasion. Summer frocks are now designed to fulfil a number of useful missions, and many attractive models of this genre are to be seen at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W. Pictured on page 128, for instance, is a simple frock of striped washing silk which is equally practical for golf, tennis, and general holiday wear. The distinctive polo collar and pleated skirt render it exceptionally effective, and it may be obtained in many attractive colour-schemes for quite a modest sum. Several styles are available, with high or low necks, and no one should fail to include one or more of these useful items in their summer wardrobe.

Hats for the Holidays.

Simple frocks demand simple hats, both attractive and practical. A large choice of these is to be found in the salons of Henry Heath, 105, Oxford Street, W., who are responsible for the two becoming affairs pictured on page 128. On the left is a hat of white ribbon and straw, as light as the proverbial feather; and on the right a shady panama swathed with a scarf of printed marocain in artistic colourings.

It must be remembered that this firm make hats in any desired size and colouring. Then there are their well-known sports felts, which will stand any amount of

strenuous wear. The "Sans Souci" with an adjustable brim (price 29s. 6d.) is exceptionally light in weight; while the "Golpha," a becoming cloche shape bound with ribbon, will pack quite flat for travelling. It costs only 25s., obtainable in all the newest shades.

Beauty Preparations for Every Woman.

A somewhat limited pocket deters many women from giving the care to their skin and complexion which they know is essential in order to retain the freshness of youth. But fears of undue expense can be banished by all who use the delightful series of Pears' toilet preparations, which lie within everyone's reach. Endowed with the same sterling qualities as Pears' transparent soap for the nursery (7d. a cake) is the scented variety from 1s.; and the fragrant Pears' Blossom talcum powder is 1s. 3d. a flask. Then for the face is the beauty cream, 1s. 6d. a jar, which should be massaged gently into the skin each night, cleansing it thoroughly and keeping it soft and smooth; and for the daytime an excellent vanishing cream can be secured in 1s. 6d. pots, or in a convenient 6d. handbag size. Pears' eau-de-Cologne and lavender water, bringing instant relief in hot weather, range from 4s. 6d. a bottle. A note must be made of the fact that this firm are sponsoring the Ivostrip shaving stick for men (price 1s. 6d.), a practical device which can be used down to the last fraction of an inch.

The Silens Messor Lawn-Mower.

Every owner of a garden, however small, makes it a point of honour that the lawn is always as smooth as a billiard-table. To achieve this, hours of labour and fatigue can be saved by using the Silens Messor lawn-mower, a product of the well-known firm of Thomas Green and Son, Smithfield Ironworks, Leeds. The Silens Messor is very light running, practically noiseless, and gives a fine even surface. Several new improvements have been introduced in the garden accessories for which this firm are famous, and an illustrated booklet giving full particulars will be sent free on request to all readers.



The beauty of a perfect skin and youthful complexion is the much-envied possession of all who use Pears' toilet preparations. There is the famous transparent soap, fragrantly perfumed, Pears' Blossom talcum powder, and beauty creams for day and night.



Salt is a habit—and a good one. But a cultivated sense of taste demands the more refined qualities of

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Supplied to the House of Lords.

CS 16

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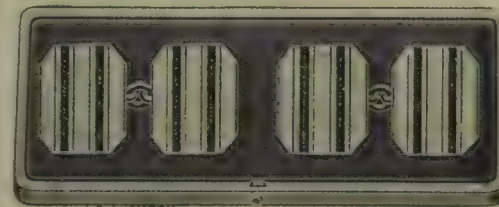
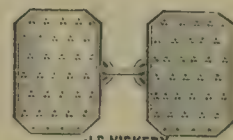
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1 lb. 4/-, ½ lb. 2/3.



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HOUSEHOLD LINENS****Guaranteed Qualities: Genuine Bargains****LINEN
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Coach-Built Saloon, £320.**There would be very few accidents if all motorists drove the
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handsome coachwork with deep luxurious seating,
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wheel, velvet clutch action, equipment and fittings
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the remarkable road performance. See the
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Studebaker "Light-Six" cars with both open and
closed bodies for disposal at very attractive prices.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

A Motoring Record.

At midday on Monday, July 6, the membership of the Automobile Association reached the quarter of a million mark. Although the "A.A.," as it is popularly known to motorists, is the youngest organisation of motor-users of all descriptions in this country,



A PETROL-POURER WHICH ENABLES A TWO-GALLON CAN TO BE EMPTIED IN TWENTY SECONDS: THE "TWENTISEC."

The "Twentisec" petrol-pourer is sold by the Wilcot (Parent) Company, Ltd., Fishponds, Bristol. The price is 5s. in solid copper, and 3s. 6d. in plain bright metal.

it is, by virtue of its individual membership of 250,000, the largest motoring organisation in the world. Its road patrol service, developed from less than a dozen cyclist patrols working along the London-Brighton Road in 1905, is to-day patrolling over 20,000 miles of British roads.

The Automobile Association Annual Meeting.

The twentieth annual meeting of the Automobile Association was held at the Savoy Hotel on July 8. The Right Hon. the Earl of Donoughmore, P.C., K.P., Vice-President of the Association, presided. In moving the adoption of the annual report, Lord Donoughmore stated that the A.A. was twenty years old, and that up to four o'clock on the previous afternoon the membership exceeded a quarter of a million by 623. During last year 61,000 members joined the Automobile Association, showing that the Association was a body having the confidence of the motoring public.

During the Easter holidays 91,000 members received road information, and 6000 were helped by the A.A. patrols in connection with breakdowns, more or less serious. The Whitsuntide figures completely eclipsed the Easter figures, for 114,000 members received information in one way or another from the A.A. patrols. These figures justified the claim that, without the A.A., motorists would feel a want that would have to be satisfied somewhere else. The A.A. was at present patrolling 20,000 miles of main road; the A.A. road service vehicles last year covered over 12,000,000 miles.

Car and Aero Engine: A Comparison.

The "Jaguar" engine which was fitted in the aeroplane that won the recent King's Cup race is made by Armstrong-Siddeley Motors, Ltd., and has an interesting, if somewhat brief, history. At a time when all other countries were giving up the air-cooled idea in the belief that it was not possible to make a big engine which was not water-cooled, the advent of this engine was received with a good deal of doubt. It was not long in making its name, and the victory of a similar combination of aeroplane and engine in the second King's Cup race two years ago showed conclusively that it would stand up for long periods of hard work. It is now one of the most widely used engines in the British Air

Service, and is shortly to be fitted to a number of aeroplanes flying on the Imperial Airways routes.

A comparison of this engine with the well-known Armstrong-Siddeley motor-car engine is of interest. Both engines are of practically the same weight—i.e., 780 lb. The motor-car engine, although rated at 30-h.p., will actually develop 75-h.p.; while the aeroplane engine, although rated at 385-h.p., is capable of developing 450-h.p. The aeroplane engine therefore gives six times the horse-power of the car's power unit for the same weight. In spite of the great difference of design, the two engines have much in common, and each engine has benefited by the experience gained with the other. On the motor-car engine the type of cylinder head and valve gear used owes much to aeroplane experience, for the Armstrong-Siddeley concern was one of the first British firms to reap the advantages of the overhead-valve engine. The aeroplane engine, in its turn, owes to the motor-car engine much of its perfection of workmanship, for it is the knowledge of accurate quantity production that was gained in the making of motor-cars that has enabled the Armstrong-Siddeley Company to make an aero engine that is completely interchangeable in all its parts, and which can be kept in order without the special

(Continued overleaf.)



OF THE SAME WEIGHT, BUT—! AN ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY "JAGUAR" AERO ENGINE WHICH DEVELOPS OVER 400 H.P., AND AN ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY CAR ENGINE RATED AS 30 H.P.



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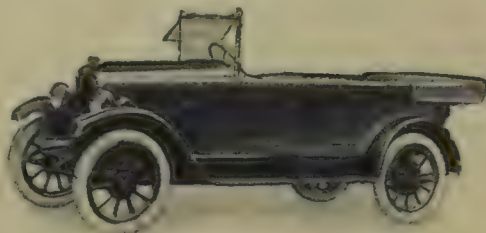
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Fiat Range of Models comprise:

10/15 h.p., 15/20 h.p., 20/30 h.p. (6 cylinder), 40 h.p. (6 cylinder).



[From an original drawing by CHRISTOPHER CLARK, R.I.]

A Persian Wedding

From time immemorial the wedding procession has been a quaint and picturesque event in the social life of the Persians. Here we see such a ceremony in progress. The date of the wedding is always fixed by an astrologer. "In the afternoon," wrote Sir Percy Sykes, K.C.I.E., C.B., C.M.G., one of the most eminent authorities on Persian lore, "the wedding gifts of furniture, clothes and cooking utensils are carried to the bridegroom's house on gaily caparisoned mules and on trays. After dark, the male relations and friends of the bridegroom, followed at a short distance by his female relations, proceed to the house of the bride, accompanied by musicians and men bearing lamps and torches." These lamps and torches are a link between the modern Persia and the old.

For to-day much of the prosperity and activity of this ancient Empire rests largely on the establishment of the latest industry of the West within its shores.

When the world's quest for oil began, a quarter of a century ago, a patriotic Englishman, William Knox D'Arcy, foresaw the Empire's pressing need for its own supplies, and after years of pioneer endeavour in Persia, when the venture seemed doomed to failure, these were discovered in abundance.

And thus there came into existence the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, that great all-British enterprise which, with its extensive organisation, refineries and ships, provides the British motorist with unlimited supplies of "BP," the British Petrol.

"BP"

The British Petrol

Something
Attempted,
Something Done.

International Motor-Boat Races.

W. W.

J C STACKHOUSE (Torquay).—Is not Kt takes Kt rather too vigorous a key for any problem of to-day? The answer in this case is 1. Kt takes P.

E. W. PUNNETT (Brixton).—Apparently you are under some misapprehension in reference to No. 3958. You mention, for instance, the defence *I. P* takes *R*; but how can a Black Pawn capture a Black Rook. This confusion of the colour of the Rook evidently vitiates the whole of your answer.

THE DOCTOROVICH (Malaga).—You are quite right in your conjecture, and it is to be presumed there must have been some indistinctness in the diagram that raised the doubt in your mind. You will see from the answer above that another correspondent has actually taken the piece to be white; but in our own copy it is printed black most clearly and plainly.

J W SMEDLEY (Brooklyn, N.Y.).—Your handsome retraction was quite unnecessary. The laugh has got to be on the composer's side sometimes, with the Editor to join in.

L. W. CAFFERATA (Farndon).—Answer to No. 3958 came duly to hand, but just after matter had gone to press, which was rather earlier that week than usual.

C B S (Canterbury).—The presumption is that Black, while foreseeing White's 22. B takes P, never contemplated the continuation of 23. R takes P, otherwise you may be sure he would have played very differently on his 21st move. The oversight was, of course, very excusable.

E. PINKNEY (Driffield).—You are to be congratulated on the successful issue of your stubborn fight with No. 3958, which many of our solvers found to be a problem of unusual difficulty. The moral of your letter, of course, is that one should try the last move to be thought of, first of all.

S HERMAN (Commercial Road, E.1).—Will you kindly look at the first answer in this column in reference to your proposed solution of No. 3950?

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3954 received from P V Early (Fatsan, Canton); of No. 3955 from R P Pearce (Happisburgh); of No. 3957 from H A Seller (Denver, U.S.A.), John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), J W Smedley (Brooklyn, N.Y.), and R B Pearce (Happisburgh); of No. 3958 from C H Watson (Masham), J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park, W.), L W Caffera (Farndon), J P Smith (Cricklewood), G de Doctorovich (Malaga), S Caldwell (Hove), and E Pinkney (Driffild); and of No. 3959 from R P Nicholson (Crayke), A S Brown (Paisley), H W Satow (Bangor), C H Watson (Masham), J P Smith (Cricklewood), L W Caffera (Farndon), W C D Smith (Northampton), C B S (Canterbury), W Kirkman (Hereford), S Caldwell (Hove), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), P J Wood (Wakefield), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), R B N (Tewkesbury), G Anderson (Glasgow), and G F Francis (Willesden).

WHITE	BLACK
1. Q to B 4th	R takes Q
2. Kt takes R (ch)	K moves
3. B or P mates accordingly.	

If: 1. — K to K 3rd; 2. Q to K 4th (ch), etc.; if 1. — R takes Kt; 2. Q to B 7th (ch), etc.

There are several more likely-looking keys to this problem than the composer's, and some of our correspondents consider the solution a difficult one. The flight square left open to the Black King is a surprise, and the mating positions all present points of interest which our solvers have readily recognised.

Game played at Marienbad in the International Masters' Tournament
between Messrs. F. D. YATES and A. HAIDA.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. Y.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 4th
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P
4. Kt takes P	Kt to K B 3rd
5. B to Q B 3rd	B to Kt 5th
6. B to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
7. Kt takes Kt	Kt P takes Kt
8. Castles	Castles

Theoretically Black, with his strong centre, has the better position, and at this point P to Q 4th has been successfully employed.

9. P to K 5th	Kt to K sq
10. Q to Kt 4th	B to K 2nd
11. B to K R 6th	P to K B 4th
12. P takes P	R takes P
(<i>en pass.</i>)	
13. B to K Kt 5th	R to B 2nd
14. Kt to K 4th	P to Kt 3rd

WHITE (Mr. Y.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
15. Q R to K sq	P to Q 4th
16. B takes B	R takes B
17. Kt to Kt 5th	P to K 4th
18. Q to K R 4th	P to K 5th

A fatal oversight that not only surrenders a sound defence, but involves Black in swift disaster. Q to B 2nd is the correct and sufficient reply.

19. R takes P	P takes R
20. B to B 4th (ch)	K to B sq
21. Q to R 6th (ch)	K to K 2nd
22. Kt takes P (ch)	K to K 2nd
23. Q to Kt 5th (ch)	K to Q 2nd
24. R to Q sq (ch)	Kt to Q 6th
25. Kt to B 6th (ch)	K to K 2nd
26. Kt takes P (ch)	Resigns.

If: 25. — K to B 2nd, 26. Q to Q R 5th (ch) wins Queen.

The Southern Counties' Chess Union has issued its report for the season, 1924-5, from which it appears that the results of its programme proved eminently successful. The Union Championship of 16-20 boards a side was won by Middlesex; the Montague-Jones Cup of 16-20 a side by Somerset; the Amboyna Shield of 50 a side by Middlesex; and the Ebony Shield too a side by Kent. Great interest has been taken in the competitions, which were all keenly fought, and the stimulus given to the popularity of the game can scarcely be doubted. Contests for the same trophies will be renewed during the coming year, when it is hoped still greater success will be achieved, especially with the larger sides.



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Four-wheel Brakes included

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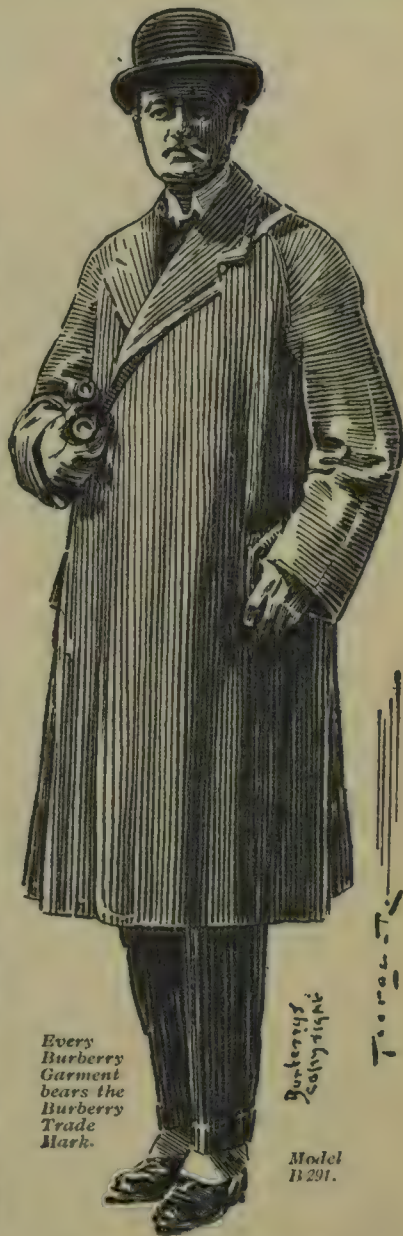
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"TRAFFIC" IN OCEAN CURRENTS.

(Continued from Page 122.)

creatures, clinging to its erratic angles as though magnetised. The plankton was, of course, irresistibly swept there; and, as for the larger forms, there is no stronger magnet in life than food.

Sometimes great patches of the water were coloured a deep purple by incredible numbers of delicate jelly-fish. A long bamboo stem that we brought aboard bore clusters of pale pink, white, and yellow goose-barnacles on every twig, so that the leafless, rotting branch looked at a little distance like a spray of cherry-blossoms. Flying fish, glinting blue and silver, skittered on all sides, and in the middle distance a large school of porpoises described their beautiful, easy arcs over invisible barriers, now and then hurling themselves clear of the water for the pure joy of play.

Four large sharks loitered round and round the ship in deliberate fashion, and there was a wild scurry for harpoons. John Tee-Van, descending to the pulpit, brandished one of the weapons to an accompaniment of sceptical jeers from his observers. They discovered, however, that it is not safe to predict failure merely from the premise that the venturer is an amateur. With as much precision as though he had made a lifelong study of harpooning, he hurled the spear not only into, but straight through, the shark, and the half-hour struggle to hold the creature was sufficiently exciting to satisfy the most exigent big-game fisherman.

The other three sharks were not alarmed by the fate of the first. They lingered on the scene of his disaster, and from the boom we paid out string with pieces of meat for bait. They came as easily to this toll as a donkey following a proffered carrot, and by pulling in the tempting morsel two feet in front of the eager blunt snouts we brought them to the surface directly under our feet, so that we could watch the movements of the brilliant blue pilot-fish that with uncanny prescience anticipated every movement of their huge patrons.

One of the big fellows had three of these little satellites that unfailingly held their formation, one just above his head, the other two in perfect alignment a few inches in front of his jaws. So exactly synchronised are the movements of such a marine cosmos that it is impossible to tell whether the shark

follows the pilot-fish or the pilot-fish the shark. It is evidently a profitable arrangement for the pilots, since we meet with few cases of philanthropy in marine life; and whether they actually lead the sharks to food or are merely hopeful hangers-on, at any rate they must benefit by the crumbs that fall from the sea wolves' table.

The shark has even more literal hangers-on in the persons of the shark-suckers. The big fish can seldom be lonely, for there is scarcely a shark to be found without at least one of these parasitic attendants, known as Remora. These fish exhibit one of the most marvellous adaptations that we know, the dorsal fin having become metamorphosed into a flat plate with numerous ridges, which transform it into a powerful sucking disc. With this they attach themselves to some portion of a shark's shagreen skin, and there they presumably live and die, unless misfortune overtakes their host. If the shark is hooked they cling until the very moment that he is drawn into the air. Then, realising that the worst has definitely happened, with an admirable expediency they desert, not the sinking but the rising ship, and hurry away to find a less unlucky means of transportation.

We took two Remora with hook and line, but this is fairly unusual, while to get them from the shark itself is an even more rare occurrence. By the ancient Romans and Greeks these fish were held capable of stopping a ship and holding it motionless by attaching themselves to keel or rudder, and Pliny relates how a Remora was responsible for Antony's defeat at Actium by delaying his ship and throwing the whole fleet into disorder. It was also considered a bad augury to encounter one while bathing, if a love affair or business affair or any pressing matter was afoot, as the Remora was supposed to cause delay in such things.

Late in the afternoon a long, feebly writhing body was seen drifting slowly on the surface. The small boats were too far away to understand our frantic signals, so all we could do was to hope that it would drift down on the ship. Luck was with us, for, while we watched breathlessly, our first sea-snake passed so close under the boom that Dwight Franklin scooped it in with a long-handled net. It had been wounded, and was comparatively inactive, but, even so, we treated it with great respect, for

this only authenticated form of sea-serpent is extremely poisonous.

Placed in an aquarium, the even pattern of black and yellow was painted, the creature was photographed, and his swimming methods were studied. There were goose-barnacles attached to him in several places, and at first this would seem to indicate that he had been in a crippled condition for some time. However, we have found a number of small fish as agile and healthy as possible with these parasites, so their presence does not necessarily imply any abnormality or wounded state.

In the course of two days in the current rip we captured two more specimens of these marine reptiles. They have a wide distribution in tropical waters, and in harbours of the Malay States, it is said, they climb the anchor chains of vessels and bite the seamen sleeping on the decks.

In the evening we lowered a strong arc-light over the companion ladder and watched the gradual focussing of creatures attracted by the brilliant glare. The first to arrive were the little halobates, the only kind of marine insect in the world. A relative of the water-striders that are found in fresh-water ponds, this small mariner is born in mid-ocean, spends his life in fearlessly navigating the deep, and when he dies sinks for the first time beneath those waters over which he has glided night and day for all his little span. The most extraordinary fact about halobates is the ease with which he can be drowned. Let one drop of water fall upon his back, and he is doomed and helpless. Yet myriads of them dart about, hundreds of miles from shore or shelter, surviving the waves and spray of storms by some inexplicable miracle.

In the current rip I found for the first time the eggs of halobates, a mass of rust-coloured ova, clotted on the floating feather of a gannet. This seems to be the favourite spot for their deposit, as I picked up several such masses, always on feathers. A few days later an aquarium in which they had been placed was alive with microscopic darting specks, baby halobates prepared to glide forth undaunted into their appallingly vast world.

One surprise of this current junction was saved for evening. Strange-looking clusters of pale objects that floated by in great abundance proved to be argonauts, or paper nautilus, clinging to each other

(Continued overleaf.)



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Large numbers of squid were attracted by the light, most of them bronzy-red in colour, and ranging from three inches to as many feet in length. Although their swimming speed is great, and their ability to dodge instantly in any direction is unlimited, we

secured several small ones in the net, and harpooned a three-foot one that instantly filled our largest aquarium with opaque ink, not dark-sepia, as we expected, but of a reddish-bronze, like the tone of his body. There were almost as many sharks as squid, turning and banking within the zone of light, and easily to be distinguished by their whitish sheen. A very large one suddenly came into view, heading straight for the companion ladder. Just before it broke the water, someone shrieked, "It's a squid!" and, at the word, half the monster shot into the air, his wriggling tentacles seeming to reach for the row of legs that dangled from the ladder. A chorus of excited shouts, an inadequate harpoon splashed harmlessly beside him, and the creature dashed backward and sank out of sight. He was unlike the other

squids, not only in size and shape, but in colour, being a pale pinkish-tan. Hardly had we gasped for breath when, in exactly the same spot, he appeared again, and went through the same manoeuvres, springing from the water as though propelled by a submarine cannon. Allowing for every illusion of night, water, light and excitement, the most conservative estimate placed him as eight feet long, and anyone who saw it will not soon forget the spectacle of the long-reaching arms, the smooth torpedo body, and the huge discs of eyes that looked inky-black in the pale flesh.

We reluctantly left this magical spot, where we had in less than forty-eight hours collected more than forty species of fish and uncounted numbers of invertebrates, and consoled ourselves with the vow to return and investigate its wonders further

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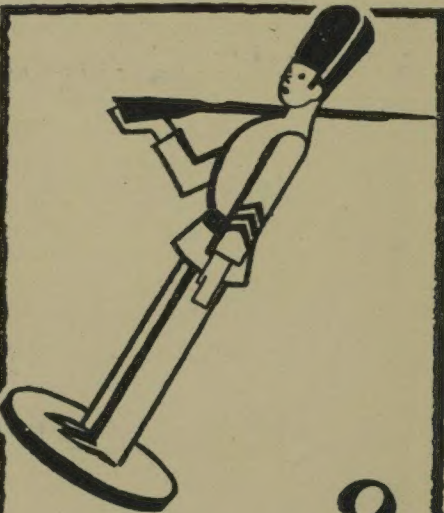
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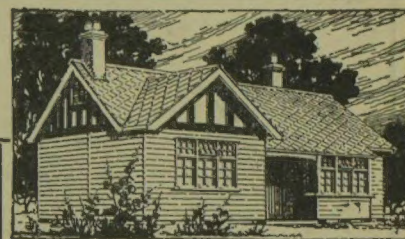
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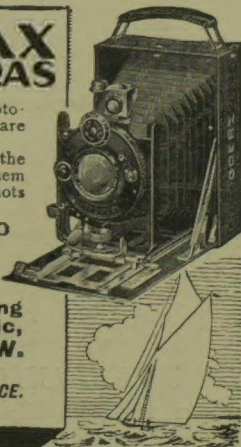
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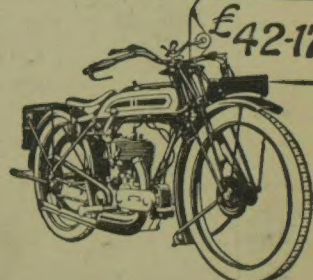
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